McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. — TERMS: $1 25 Per Year

VOL. XLIII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1906. NO. 23

ROCCO DOQUI ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE.

First of the Four Italians to Face the Court for Coryville Murder.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM.

Proceedings at Regular Term of Court up to 12 o'clock To-day—Many Spectators in Attendance.

The trial of Rocco Doqui, one of the men charged with the killing of Giuseppi Tibert at Coryville March 26, was placed on trial yesterday morning He is the youngest one of the quartette, claiming to be only 17 years of age and is very bovish in appearance In an interview with a MINER reporter on April 8 Rocco said that he had been in this country at out one year and had only three friends in the United States He took his imprisonment greatly to heart and frequently wept during the first weeks of his confinement

In court this morning he appeared quite chipper and frequently smiled at the testimony with the witness although the victim was dead by a gun shot in the hands of one of the Doqui crowd Just what transpired that fatal night will never be known unless Rocco Doqui tells

The state is represented by Attorneys Ira D Gallup and Victor Perrin to find the prisoner District Attorney Mayo and ex-Public L L Mayo are conducting the prosecution The jurors chosen consisted of the following named citizens

L H Watrous Keating township, John Bovard Bradford H W Cameron Bradford Fred Culver Bradford Carl Engstrom Kane W A James Kane J M Holden Kane W M Hunter Bradford township, H H Wheeler Bradford township Chas O Gash, Bradford and Griffin Hatfield Bradford township

Patrolman Petersburg was sworn in as interpreter

Dr McCoy one of the first witnesses called, used a portion of a human skeleton in describing the course of the bullet, Coroner Hall was also a witness He and Dr McCoy had conducted an autopsy on the body of the dead man The bullet had entered the breast and punctured the lungs

Conductor D M Sheehan of the Shawmut road testified that the four prisoners had boarded his train at Olean and that he had taken them to Coryville on the evening of the murder

Another Pennsylvania railroad official testified that he was at the Coryville station when the four Italians arrived They inquired as to the location of the camp of the Italian woodchoppers The witness directed them to the place

Possidio Tiberi, cousin of the murdered man and one of the principal witnesses in the affair told practically the same story related by him at the coroner's inquest and hearing held in Smethport and published in full in the MINER at the time He stated that he was one of the party of Italian wood choppers at Coryville and was present on the night of the shooting when the four men from Olean went to the place and asked for money which they said was for a sick fellow countryman Their request the intruders was refused It was soon after this that the shooting began The witness had been shot at by a revolver at Smethport for another Italian and he also did some shooting when the firing began but he did not hit anybody After Giuseppi Tiberi had been shot down in the house the strangers left the place The witness followed them out doors and shot after them He returned into the building and lifted up Giuseppi Tiberi who died in his arms

Other corroborative evidence was given by Italians, who were in the house where the shooting occurred, at the afternoon and evening sessions of court

THIS MORNING'S SESSION

Angelino Gloria was the first witness called this morning He testified that on March 26 he was residing at the home of Possidio Tiberi at Coryville and was engaged in cutting chemical wood About 5 o'clock four men came to the house Witness was not previously acquainted with any of them but positively identified Doqui as being one of the four The visitors were given beer and offered supper Then the four men began to demand money for a countryman whom they alleged had badly injured his leg The four strangers acted uneasy and walked from one room to the other Witness told of various excuses offered by some of the men for not contributing money, but told the visitors to leave the name and address and they would send donations The biggest man of the four then called to Giuseppi Tiberi who was leaning in the door way between the two rooms, to 'come here' Tiberi replied that he did not have to, or words to that effect Then the big man drew a revolver and shot Tiberi, who sank to the floor Saw three of the men, including Doqui, fire their revolvers during the excitement that followed. Bullets whizzed by the witness. He was afraid and could not count the shots fired This witness was an intelligent appearing Italian and gave his testimony with great positiveness and dramatic effect He was rigidly cross examined by Attorney Gallup

Giuseppi Vitori was sworn but not examined as he was not present when the shooting occurred

Antonio Vitori was called and told practically the same story as Gloria

The prosecution have several more witnesses who may be called but it is quite probable that the defendant's side of the case will be reached this afternoon

OTHER COURT PROCEEDINGS

The regular term of criminal court opened Monday afternoon with Judge Bouton presiding There is a large crowd in attendance which includes many Italians attracted here by the various cases of their countrymen Councilman Gibbs of Bradford was named foreman of the grand jury and after being sworn and receiving the instructions of the court retired to commence business

The following list of jurors has been impaneled to the grand jury Peter Donnelly and Frank Dempsey selling liquor on Sunday Charles M Matteson assault with intent to rape Pierce Kelly selling liquor on Sunday Isaac Anderson, Thomas Evans, selling liquor on Sunday Charles Maynard non support Averill malicious mischief B L Driscoll cruelty to animals Salvator Carneo Frank Codino both for Lizzie Rocco Doqui murder and robbery J H McGlathery burglary Max Mulkaney violating innkeepers act Allan Brewer statutory rape Henry Moss, assault and battery, Fred Moss selling liquor without a license Angelo Diedino, assault with intent to kill Joseph Treppe Joseph Treppe, Jr, Dominic Treppe, murder Mark Conlin, escaped prisoner, William Brewer, assault and battery Isaac Arnot, assault and battery, Frank White, surety of the peace John C Taylor violating inn keepers' act David Simmons, malicious mischief Charles Miller, felonious assault Francis Bungeron robbery David Simmons assault Bernard Horrigan Fred Horrigan, Joseph Horrigan assault and battery Joseph Horrigan assault and battery, Catherine O Conner, false pretenses, William Brewer statutory rape, John Hanson desertion G W Willis cruelty to animals Elmira Brown cruelty to animals, Arthur Schmidt Joseph Schmidt battery M G Raub and Raymond Raub assault and battery, James Jones, statutory burglary, Mrs Richard Marshall and Lucy Patterson statutory burglary Mortree O Connor, felonious assault with intent to kill

The constable made the returns and other routine business occupied the attention of the court during Monday afternoon

Tuesday morning the first case to come before the attention of the court was Com vs Allen Brewer on a charge of statutory rape The mother of the girl Mrs Smith of Warren testified that she had been married twice and that her daughter Leola Brown, was a child by her first husband That Brewer had enticed her to Kane and that she located her child within a few days and went to Kane Found Leola in company with Brewer in a house said to be a gambling den Testified that Leola was born Nov 1 1890 Leola Brown the plaintiff, said that Brewer took her to the house and they stayed all night Brewer had accomplished her ruin Various other witnesses gave testimony tending to incriminate Brewer The defense called but one witness and then Attorney Allen Oviatt who had been appointed by the court to defend Brewer made his plea to the jury and was followed by Attorney Thos Dolphin of Kane who assisted Dist Atty Mayo in the prosecution Judge Bouton charged the jury, which retired at 3 p m The jury deliberated but a short time and returned a verdict finding the defendant guilty on the second count of the indictment which was statutory rape There are three other indictments against Brewer which may be tried later in the term

James Jones pleaded guilty to two charges of larceny

Some of the attorneys not being quite ready the trial of the Italians for the Coryville murder was postponed until Wednesday

The case of Frank Mulvaney an Elmira young man charged by an Elmira livery stable keeper with willfully and grossly injuring a horse took up the attention of the court for the remainder of Tuesday's session The young man hired a horse and in company with two girls started for Port Allegany during one of the short spells of sleighing last winter The cutter was overturned and the horse alleged to have been injured This occurred on the return trip the party only going as far as Sartwell when they turned back It was for the jury to decide whether the injury to the horse was due to the young man's carelessness or was simply the result of an accident that might have occurred to almost anyone The jury returned a verdict of not guilty and divided the costs between the principals

Two Nervy Men.

The MINER presents this week pictures of A L Ives and Cecil Olmstead of Eldred who captured the four Italians wanted for the murder of Giuseppi

FOUR MEN WANTED IN MCKEAN COUNTY FOR MURDER

MR OLMSTEAD

shown in the trial of the four Italians sufficient to say here that Mr Ives who is the foreman in the mill at Eldred and Mr Olmstead an employee of the Pennsylvania railroad at that place caught and disarmed the four men on the railroad tracks at about a quarter of a mile below Dudley's tannery Messrs Ives and Olmstead are to be commended this week in their conduct at court

Camp Glass Factory Closes

Saturday last operations were suspended in the Camp window glass factory, which marks the end of that industry so far as Smethport is concerned Workmen at once commenced dismantling the molten glass from the tank and preparations are being made to remove the plant to Mt Vernon Ohio where the owners have decided to locate on the count of cheap gas

The buildings will be torn down and such lumber as can be used will be shipped to the new location The tank ovens machinery etc will also be taken down and reconstructed at the new factory

The Camp factory commenced operations in Smethport on Thursday Sept 22 1898 and each year since that date has been one of the town's most important industries The loss of this factory aside from a business standpoint will take away a number of residents who have made Smethport their home for a number of years

The moving of this factory should be an additional incentive to our citizens to make a hustle for new and permanent industries

Bold Robbery

One of the boldest robberies that has ever been committed in Kane occurred about 7 30 Thursday evening The rear door at Swanson's shoe store was left open and while the clerks were out front the burglar or burglars sneaked in and took $95 00 which Mr Alfred Johnson had in the safe by the desk The money belonged to Kane Hose Co No 3 and was raised by the boys in giving dances to apply on their piano fund The work is undoubtedly that of home talent as the cut marks all point in that direction Who ever it was had a knowledge of the interior and all about where the money was kept—Kane Republican

Spring Millinery

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store Place your order now Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer MRS CARRIE CLARK

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF CLASS OF 1906

Eleven Young Men and Women Graduate from High School.

EXERCISES HELD AT THE LYCEUM

Monday Evening Were Largely Attended—E E. Higley of Kane was the Lecturer—Presentation of Diplomas by D. C. Young.

The commencement exercises have been attended by more than the usual interest this week, owing to the fact that the class is the largest ever graduated from the high school

The festivities began on Saturday at three o clock, when the friends of the class assembled in the lower hall of the school building to attend the Class Day exercises

Miss Sarah Greer, the president welcomed the company in a pleasing manner and touched briefly upon the school life just ending

She was followed by Miss Bessie Otto son who gave the history of the class a resume of their trials sorrows and pleasures during the four years, in a comprehensive manner

The class artist Myron Gallup then exhibited his pictures of the class which were very pleasing to their friends and in each case Mr Gallup kindly furnished additional information concerning the subject of the picture

Miss Orra Gleason's essay The Woman of To Day, was very well received She outlined in a practical manner the position held by women in the work a-world and dwelt upon the inquiries with which women have risen to high positions and the success that they have had in these positions

Sidney Landick the class musician played an original composition which was well rendered and showed considerable ability on the part of the young musician

A new feature was introduced by Miss Alice Daly, in the form of statistics, in which she gave remarkably telling and clever answers to the following questions as regarded her classmates Is he engaged What is his highest ambition His favorite study Expression of his countenance By word Favorite amusement Judging from the appreciativeness of the audience Miss Daly must be a careful collector of statistics

The prophetess Miss Stella Rubin foresaw a Greater Smethport in which the members of the class of 1906 should hold high positions as honored citizens of the metropolis

Miss Sarah Curl read the school master's Oasis in a creditable manner

The address to the undergraduates and the class will by Miss Lois Green and the response by Miss Lena Young '07 contained many witty hits upon the two classes and caused much merriment among the members

Miss Ruth Holmes as donor gave each member of the class a very acceptable present representing the particular hobby or characteristic of the recipient. She had secured in a mysterious manner a ten volume dictionary which described the members very well indeed and also furnished the suggestion for the gift

The valedictory being awarded to the one that had attained the highest average during the four years the honor of saying the parting words was Sidney Landick's He addressed in turn the Board the faculty the undergraduates and the class saying the farewells in an earnest and impressive manner

At this time the audience repaired to the east side of the building, where Mac Arthur Gorton planted the class ivy and delivered the ivy oration In a brief and well delivered speech he outlined the sentiment that is embodied in this custom

After congratulating the participants the audience departed feeling very well pleased with the afternoon's program

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Sunday evening the class and their friends assembled in the Baptist church for the annual sermon given this year by Rev T D Ware The theme of his talk was that only through the surmounting of difficulties can one rise to the highest level Special music was furnished by a chorus of selected voices under the supervision of Mrs H C Wells

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The commencement exercises of the Smethport High School were held on Monday evening, June 4th, at the Lyceum and were largely attended

The stage was tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers and across the front was draped bunting in the class colors, green and white From this suspended the figures '06, also in green and white

At the appointed hour Chadwick's orchestra played the Carnival Overture by Schreppingel and the members of the class took their positions on the stage After prayer by the Rev W A Harris of the Methodist church a male chorus sang "Fairy Moonlight" in a very pleasing manner

The commencement address was delivered by Dr Elmer Ellsworth Higley of Kane on the subject, 'Git Grit and Gumption' Mr Higley is a speaker of unusual force and ability, and all who heard him award him the highest praise He defined, in turn the three words contained in his subject, and proved conclusively that the men or women who would succeed must have these three qualities The realization of this fact he showed to be vitally necessary in the lives of the young men and women now beginning the serious work of life The many sound truths of this discourse were interspersed with pertinent jokes and anecdotes which kept the audience convulsed with laughter, and all regretted the close of the address

Mrs McQuiston sang "Love the Peddler" in her most pleasing manner and was heartily encored

After a brief speech relating to the educational advantages of the students of to day D C Young president of the school board presented diplomas to the following Albert Sidney Burdick Sarah Alma Carl Alice Cecelia Daly Myron Leroy Gallup Orra Angeline Gleason Mac Arthur Gorton Lois Anne Green Sarah Marion Greer Ruth Hulbert Holmes Bessie Hannah Ottoson, Stella Rubin

The male chorus then sang gladly as the Lark after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev W I Van Dyke and the graduating exercises with Chadwick's orchestra played Chinese March

CLASS OF '07 ENTERTAINS

On Tuesday afternoon the class of 1907 gave a very pleasant picnic to the class of 1906 and the High school teachers Owing to the uncertainty of the weather the feast was spread on the school lawn but this in no way marred the pleasure of the occasion

Death of Rachel McCarthy.

As announced in last week's MINER the death of Miss Rachel McCarthy occurred at the home of her parents Mr and Mrs Jerry McCarthy of East Main street at 11 45 a m Thursday May 31 1906

The news of the death of this lovable young lady although not unexpected came as a sad shock to the community—the realization that the beautiful life was really at an end crushing all preparation for the announcement, and causing tears of sorrowful regret to flow

Miss McCarthy had been ill since early in December, although her health had been failing for months before that date Tuberculosis was the cause of her death

She was born in Irish Hollow Nov 10, 1880 and moved with her parents to Smethport when a small child Rachel was blessed with a sweet, self sacrificing disposition that made friends of all acquaintances and held their warm regard Before she was old enough to be taught reading the impressive song services of the Catholic church came readily from her baby lips Possessed of a pleasing voice she early from the time she was seven years old in the service of her religion and was one of the most valued members of St Elizabeth's choir For several years prior to her illness the young lady was employed in the Bell telephone office in Smethport and here as everywhere else won the regard of all with whom she came in contact on account of her never failing good nature and lawful willingness to accommodate all patrons Socially her happy disposition made her a beloved favorite among the young people and it will take a long time to fill the vacancies in their circles caused by the death of this most estimable young lady Aside from her faithful services in the choir of the church she was a tireless worker in all affairs for the benefit of St Elizabeth's In fact the loss of such unselfish characters is a severe blow to any community The Rev Father Dugan in his remarks at the funeral services paid many touching and eloquent tributes to the virtues of Miss McCarthy which will remain long in the memories of his hearers

Besides a father and mother the following brothers and sisters survive William of Chillicothe Ohio, Eugene of Olean, N Y, David of Mt Jewett and John of Smethport Mrs John Kelly of Penn Kansas Mrs W V Provin of Bolivar N Y Mrs A L Colegrove of Mt Jewett and Mrs S L McLafferty of Hazelhurst

The funeral services were held at the present quarters of St Elizabeth's church in the Swedish Lutheran church on Fulton street the Rev J F Dugan officiating Interment was made in St Elizabeth's cemetery

Card of Thanks

Mr and Mrs Jerry McCarthy wish to extend their sincere thanks for the many kindnesses extended during the illness resulting in the death of their daughter, Rachel, also to the general public for many services rendered

Mrs M L Youmans at Rest.

Mrs M L Youmans died at the home of her parents Mr and Mrs J C Stull of Farmers Valley Pa early Saturday morning June 2d

The funeral services were conducted by Dr R M White of Buffalo at the Valley church and interment at the Coryville cemetery on Monday, June 4th

The deceased was born at Coryville, Pa March 12th 1882, and had made her home there and at Farmers Valley most of her life She attended school at the Mansfield State Normal and after graduation in 1900 taught school one year June 26, 1901 she was united in marriage to M L Youmans of Westfield, Pa and lived at Ormsby, Pa, until failing health necessitated a change of climate During the last three years in which her health has been failing all has been done that friends and medical skill could do for her and a portion of this time had been spent in California and Colorado, but all efforts to effect a cure were of no avail

She was a patient and most cheerful sufferer and leaves behind her the memory of a pure Christian character whose example could but help all who knew her She loved the daily reading of God's word and the day of her death read the following selections

Psalm 73 25 26—Whom have I in heaven but Thee And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee My flesh and my heart faileth but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever

—Psalm 23 1—Yea though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil for Thou art with me thy rod and thy staff they comfort me

These selections express appropriately her feeling at the end of her life's journey

She leaves to mourn her loss a husband one son aged three years, parents brothers, sisters and a host of friends, for none knew her but to love her Death has claimed the precious jewel from its setting but none can wish her back since she is at perfect peace with God and awaits the coming of her loved ones to that higher and better world than this

Prof. MacGowan's Lecture.

A small but appreciative audience greeted the illustrated lecture on Yellowstone Park, delivered by Prof W L MacGowan at the Baptist church Saturday night under the auspices of the L O T M The many features of this wonder spot were graphically described and aside from its instructive features the lecture is an excellent advertisement for Mr MacGowan's personally conducted excursions to this facility. As but very few persons can hear the descriptions and see the various views with an experienced guide to visit the park Mr MacGowan was entitled to a liberal patronage and reported a warm welcome and splendid business in the night

Advertised Letters

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 2 1906

Mrs Susie Baxter H J Bradshaw Leah U Bishop Jas Conroy Irvin Clark Reuben P Chase D Daily C E Funk 2 Scott Kilmer, Mrs Luntz A B McIntyre, Mrs P M Mann Andrew Walker Foreign—Sebastiano Salvatore Govanlia fu Rocho Giuseppe Mrs Hilda Hilblad

Persons calling for the letters will please say advertised All unclaimed letters present to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from last of this month

J C CAMPBELL
Postmaster

Auction Sale.

Notice is hereby given that I will expose for sale at auction at my residence at Farmers Valley postoffice on Wednesday the 20th day of June 1906 at 1 o'clock p m the following personal property to wit

1 team horses well broke
1 pair trucks
1 pair sleighs
1 double work harness

The above mentioned property to be sold by virtue of my common law lien which I have for their keeping

FRANK CALDWELL
Farmers Valley

Homeseekers Rates via Nickle Plate Road

Lowest round trip Homeseekers rates to the west northwest and southwest are offered by the Nickle Plate Road the first and third Tuesday of each month Write R H Bayne general agent 107 Main st Buffalo N Y or C C Lowry T P A Holland N Y

For Sale.

Three pairs of horses with rubber tire lumbering All in good condition Inquire at Anderson & Carlson's shoe store, Smethport Pa

Jay M Fisher agent for John Rees Dyeing and Cleaning House Bradford Pa will dye for you He will be for one week at the Commercial Hotel

Attend the Old Fiddlers Picnic July 3d 4th and 5th

WANTED—Man to peel bark in Potter county Good wages Apply to B C Farrell, Supt, Costello, Pa

Subscribe for the MINER

"Third Floor Rear"

By ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS

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MRS. SEATON was a demure little old lady, whose greatest worry in life was "the gentleman in the third floor rear." He had been in the house three weeks, and as yet the good woman had caught no glimpse of the color of his coin. To be sure, he was a clean cut, handsome fellow, with a winning way and a genial twinkle in his eye, "but then," as Mrs. Seaton told herself, "looks and manners don't buy bread."

When the postman left a letter addressed to "Robert Chestwick, Jr., Esq.," the first that gentleman had received since his arrival, the good lady seized the opportunity to press her claims. Chestwick had just returned from a late breakfast, consisting mainly of a newspaper and a perusal of the menu card.

Mrs. Seaton entered in response to his "Come in" and, laying the letter on the bureau—the room contained no table—proceeded to business.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Chestwick, and it's convenient, my guests"—Mrs. Seaton always spoke of her lodgers as guests—"my guests pay every"—

"My dear lady," interrupted the guest solemnly, "if a house and lot cost

"YOU HAVE A LOT OF SILVERWARE," SHE VENTURED.

10 cents I wouldn't have the price of a doorknob. I cultivate the higher things in life, not the sordid frities. I despise the wealth that moth and rust are said to corrupt. I had some of them, but I threw them away," he added sententiously.

"You threw them away!" echoed Mrs. Seaton blankly. She gave him one dismayed glance and left the room.

"Poor little woman!" murmured Chestwick as the door closed. "It will take her a week to puzzle that out." And he proceeded to open the envelope. It contained an invitation to the wedding of Richard McDiarmid to Miss Caroline Cissy of New York.

"Poor old Mac!" soliloquized Chestwick. "Going to get married! Why, it is only three short years since we formed the Brawling Bachelors' club at college. Well, I suppose Mac can afford it. He doesn't owe the fiddler as large a bill as I, and, besides, he has not incurred the parental displeasure."

The thought recalled Chestwick's present straits without a position, without money, without friends from whom he could ask assistance.

"My friends have the cash all right, if I only could get at it," he mentally told himself. "The trouble is I have got at it too often. If only I had all the presents that lucky dog Mac will get! The mere sight almost tempts one to become a burglar. What a pity a man cannot marry without taking a wife! It's a joke, though, it might be done." And he fell to planning a bridgeless way.

Now, if Chestwick was opposed to marriage he was by no means averse to pretty girls, and during his stay at Mrs. Seaton's he had not let slip the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the landlady's winsome daughter. He had become more than acquainted with her. He had recited for her with stories of college pranks and daredevil escapades until she had come to regard him as an unsung hero, while Chestwick found the sparkling, mirthful, sympathetic girl a charming companion.

That evening Chestwick took Miss Seaton for a walk.

"Miss Marion," he began, "I am thinking of getting married."

"Married?"

"Well—er—I don't mean to take a wife; get married without a wife, you know."

"Get married without a wife! I should say I do not know. For heaven's sake, tell me what you mean!"

And Chestwick told her.

"You see, the difficulty is that the presents must come in the name of the girl. And," he continued, with an amused glance at the trim figure by his side, "the only girl I know within a thousand miles is Miss Marion Seaton."

The girl looked at him swiftly and flushed scarlet. Then she laughed low and merrily.

"Are you game?" he asked. "I know it is a lot to ask, but I need the money."

The girl gazed at him compassionately.

"Poor boy!" she said. "You must be in bad straits."

And so it was settled. The invitations were to bear the address of the little office where Miss Seaton assisted her impoverished mother by conducting a small business.

Within a week 300 presents were speeding eastward from the little California town, among them a letter to Robert Chestwick, Sr., which read in part:

Dear Father—I know you will be glad to learn that I am about to follow your advice and settle down in life. Miss Seaton is poor, but of good family and in every way such a person as you will consider an addition to the family.

All of which was true, save for the minor detail that Robert Junior had no intention of marrying the estimable Miss Seaton.

In time the presents began to arrive. The rush was preceded by an enthusiastic letter from Robert senior, containing a check with three figures and the offer of a junior partnership in a paying business should his son desire to return east.

Each day Chestwick visited Miss Seaton's office, where the pair enjoyed their secret hugely.

"It is the most impudent thing I ever heard of," the girl would announce between bursts of laughter.

After carefully removing the addresses, Chestwick, laden with packages, would return to his new first floor front, for as funds went up Chestwick came down. The spacious room soon resembled a jeweler's shop. Bric-a-brac, china, cut glass, silver and even gold sparkled from every corner, like the treasures in a pirate's cave.

By the third day the amazement of good Mrs. Seaton knew no bounds. To think that this youth, who a short time ago had been without the price of his room rent; this philosophical young man, who despised the treasures that moth and rust do corrupt, who had even thrown them away, should be the recipient of such wealth as this! Here was an enigma indeed! At length the worthy woman could restrain her curiosity no longer. On a pretext she visited Chestwick's room, where she found him examining a wardrobe fresh from the tailor's. Mrs. Seaton glanced around and blinked her feeble eyes in the gleam and glitter of so much precious metal.

"You have a lot of silverware," she ventured, "Or perhaps it is not yours?"

"Oh, yes. It is mine," Chestwick assured her. "They are presents."

"Presents!" echoed Mrs. Seaton. "Presents! And from whom, pray?"

"From my friends. It is my birthday."

"Your birthday!" gasped the landlady. "Your friends must be very fond of you."

"They are," said Chestwick. "I am quite touched at their generosity. But," he added to himself, "I mean my friends are touched."

Mrs. Seaton left the room more bewildered than ever. "His birthday, indeed! What young man, she would like to know, would receive teaspoons and saltcellars as birthday presents? There was something suspicious here. Could it be— Ah! She had it. Robert Chestwick was a burglar! A criminal, probably escaped from some eastern penitentiary! He said he came from the east. She would call the police at once! She wouldn't have the jail bird in her house another hour—not she! On second thought, though, she would wait for Marion. Marion must be consulted.

So Mrs. Seaton placed her valuables under lock and key and in fear and trepidation awaited her daughter's return.

Meantime Robert Chestwick, ensconced in a generous Morris chair (the

"ARE YOU BUSY?" SHE ASKED.

gift of Aunt Lucy), was pursuing a new line of thought, suggested by Mrs. Seaton's questions.

"I'm dished this time and no mistake," he told himself. "In the east I am a married man. Ergo, being minus a wife, I am exiled. What an ass I am! I don't want to spend my days wandering up and down those parts of the world in which I am not known. Of course my wife might die. By Jove! That's it! She shall die! Mrs. Robert Chestwick, Jr.," he announced solemnly to an imaginary listener, "you are doomed to an untimely end. I am sorry, my dear, very sorry, but it is quite impossible that you should live any longer."

He hastened out into the street and returned shortly, carrying a square box under his arm. After carefully closing his door he undid the fastening, removed the wrapping and, raising the lid, drew forth some deep bordered mourning paper. He seated himself at a handsome black walnut desk (the gift of Uncle Peter), took up a pearl handled pen (the gift of Susie Thompson, from whom he had stolen a kiss that June day under the chestnut tree), dipped it in a cut glass ink well (the gift of Cousin Beasley) and commenced his doleful task:

Dear Father—My telegram will have made you aware of the terrible misfortune that has overtaken me. I am distracted. Poor, dear Marion—God bless her—was—

A knock at the door interrupted him, and he turned to see Miss Seaton enter listlessly.

"Are you busy?" she asked.

"Not particularly. I am just killing my wife." And Robert Junior smiled complacently.

"Killing your wife!"

"Yes. You see, I want to go east, and it is out of the question to take

"READ THAT," AND HE THRUST THE TELEGRAM TOWARD HER.

her with me and too soon to desert or divorce her, so I decided she must die. The blow will almost kill father, but"—

"You had better postpone the murder awhile," advised Miss Seaton. "Do you know what mother thinks? She is convinced you are a burglar and insists upon calling the police. She says no young man would receive butter knives and teapots for birthday presents. You put your foot in it that time, young man!"

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Chestwick. "Marion—I mean Miss Seaton—tell her I bought them; tell her I'm about to repent—tell her anything, only make her keep quiet."

As Marion ran lightly down the stairs Chestwick could hear her laughing gayly.

"She is a brick," he told himself. "Winsome, close mouthed—egad, she is one in a thousand!"

Snatches of her conversation crept up the stairs and fell softly on Chestwick's ears as he lay back in the Morris chair, trying to recall the bewitching vision that had just fled through his open door. A thought that had before half fluttered through his mind began to take form. Why should he not marry this girl? Surely she had proved herself pure gold. Who else would have stood by him as she had?

But it was when he thought of returning east without her that Chestwick realized how much Marion meant to him. He could not leave her—not he.

Once more he seated himself at the walnut desk, caught up the pearl handled pen and dipped it in the cut glass ink well. But this time it was not up on a sheet of black rimmed note paper that he wrote. Instead, he drew from a drawer a telegraph blank and scribbled:

Father—Will accept your offer of junior partnership. Marion and I leave for the east immediately. R. C., Jr.

A mischievous voice from the doorway told him of Marion's return. "Still killing your wife?" she asked.

Chestwick faced about. His eyes twinkled and in his hand he held the yellow telegraph slip.

"Er—no. Not exactly. The fact is, I have changed my mind. Read that," and he thrust the telegram toward her.

"Will you come, dear?" he asked.

"I suppose I shall have to," she whispered, for he was close to her now. "It is too soon to desert or divorce me, and to tell the truth, Bob, I do not want to die just yet."

He drew her gently toward the Morris chair.

"How fortunate it is, Marion, that I did not mail that black bordered letter. Then I should have had to raise you from the dead."

"You could have done it," she answered.

The Highest Dock.

What is probably the highest dock in the world has recently been completed at Kisumu, on the Victoria Nyanza, in Uganda, at an altitude of 3,720 feet above sea level. The dock has been constructed to accommodate the Nyanza fleet plying on the lake in connection with the Uganda railroad, of which the terminus is at Kisumu, or Port Florence, as it is now officially called. It measures 250 feet in length by 48 feet wide and 14 feet deep. It is excavated out of the solid rock by native labor and occupied twelve months in construction.

A Distinction.

"I suppose," said the timid young man, "when you recall what a handsome man your first husband was you wouldn't consider me for a minute?"

"Oh, yes, I would," replied the widow instantly, "but I wouldn't consider you for a second."

Surely.

"Tommy is such a sweet child," said a doting mother, "that I often think it will be a miracle if he lives to grow up."

"It will," said the candid neighbor, with a baleful gleam in his eye.

A Coincidence.

Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lammis in perfect confidence, "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?"

"Well, really, now, what a coincidence!" said Mrs. Lammis. "So is mine!"

Speech is too often, not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal.—Carlyle.

VICTORIA FALLS.

Called "the Most Beautiful Gem of the Earth's Scenery."

The Zambesi river, carrying a huge volume of water two miles in width, as it reaches the western borders of Rhodesia precipitates itself into a cavernous gorge and thus traverses the north an plains of the country.

"This great drop in the river has produced "the most beautiful gem of the earth's scenery," the Victoria falls. Almost twice as broad as Niagara and two and a half times as high, an immense mass of water rolls over its edge to precipitate itself in magnificent splendor 400 sheer feet into the narrow canyon below.

Undeterred, the Rhodesian engineers, without detracting from the natural beauty of the surroundings, threw across the canyon a splendid 650 foot cantilever bridge and thus opened the way to Tanganyika, to Uganda, to Cairo.

This bridge, the greatest railway engineering triumph of Africa, deserves more than passing notice. It consists of a central span weighing approximately 1,000 tons, 500 feet in length and 30 feet wide. The steel work is of rolled steel weighing 400 pounds to the cubic foot. The end posts of the bridge are over 100 feet long. The pull on the anchorage apparatus is about 400 tons.

The contract for the construction was obtained by an English firm of bridge builders—the contract time fifty-five weeks. The work of erection was carried on from both banks, the material being taken across the river by means of an aerial electric railway. The electric conveyor of this cable way was capable of dealing with a ten ton load at a lifting speed of twenty feet per minute and a traversing speed of 300 feet a minute.

An initial difficulty in the construction of the bridge was the securing of a firm foundation, and owing to the crumbling nature of the bank a much greater quantity of concrete was necessary than estimated.

The construction was happily unattended by accidents of a serious nature, though a few slight accidents to daily work and the replacing, from England, of one piece of steel work were recorded. In spite of these delays the bridge was linked up at 7 a. m. on April 1, 1905, or exactly forty-eight hours earlier than had been estimated a year before.—Lieutenant Colonel Sir Percy Girouard in Scribner's.

PORTABLE VILLAGES.

Turcomans Move Their Houses From Place to Place.

The Turcomans, who live on the eastern shore of the Caspian sea, carry their villages about with them when they travel. As a fellow sets out on a journey every man packs his wooden house upon a camel, which the animal can easily carry, and when a spot is reached where he and his friends intend to remain for any great length of time the camels are unloaded and a village started which it takes about an hour or so to build.

It is to be remembered that the houses are real houses and not tents and that the settlement is not a camp, but a village. The traveling house of the Turcoman is a marvel of skill and ingenuity and is really much lighter, more portable and can be packed into a much smaller compass than any of the so called portable houses that are manufactured and sold in some parts of our country.

The frame is made of strong, light wood laths about an inch broad by three quarters of an inch thick, crossing each other when set up in position at right angles about a foot apart and fastened at each crossing by the thongs of rawhide so as to be movable, and the whole framework may be opened or shut in the same manner as those toys for children that consist of a squad of wooden soldiers and will expand or close at will so as to form open or close columns.

One part or more made in this way and all inclosing a circle fifteen or twenty feet across form the skeleton of the walls and are firmly secured in place by kinds of ropes made of hair or wool fastened round the end of each rod. From the upper ends of these rods similar rods bent near the wall and into something less than a right angle are so disposed that the longer portions slope to the center and, being tied with rope form the roof.

Over this is thrown a covering of black felt, having in the center a large hole which answers both for a window and a chimney. Large pieces of the same coarse black felt are wrapped round the walls, and outside these, to keep all tight, is bound another frame of split reeds or canes or of some very light, tough wood bound closely together with strong cords.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Too much publicity spoils a good deal.

Signing your name to a friend's note is a bad sign.

When riches come in at the window friends flock to the door.

He who has no faith in himself is destined to become a successful failure.

The brave and fearless man manages to get there early and thus avoids the rush.

A wise man doesn't attempt to pull himself out of trouble with a corkscrew.

If a man is unable to stand prosperity he should sit down and give his wife a chance.

The suspicious man keeps one eye on his neighbor, but the wise man keeps both eyes on himself.

Unless a man is willing to take chances he never takes anything else that happens to be lying around loose.—Chicago News.

Impatience.

Impatience turns an ague into a fever, a fever to the plague, fear into despair, anger into rage, loss into madness and sorrow to amazement.—Jeremy Taylor.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Wendell Phillips.

ASSUMING A VIRTUE.

What Can Be Done by Right Thinking and Self Control.

Zopyrus, the physiognomist, said, Socrates' features showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual and addicted to drunkenness. Socrates upheld the analysis by saying, "By nature I am addicted to all those sins, and they were only restrained and extinguished by the continual practice of virtue."

Emerson says in effect, "The virtue you would like to have assume it as already yours, appropriate it, enter into the part and live the character just as the great actor is absorbed in the character of the part he plays." No matter how great your weakness or how much you may regret it, assume steadily and persistently its opposite until you acquire the habit of holding that thought or of living the thing not in its weakness, but in its whiteness, in its entirety. Hold the ideal of an efficient friendly personality, not of a marred or deficient one. The way to reach or to attain to anything is to bend yourself toward it with all one's might, and we approximate it just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain it.

If you are inclined to be very excitable and nervous, if you "fly all to pieces" over the least annoyance, do not waste your time regretting this weakness and telling everybody that you cannot help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet, balanced composure which characterizes your ideal person in that respect. Persuade yourself that you are not nervous or excitable, that you can control yourself, that you are well balanced, that you do not fly off on a tangent at every little annoyance. You will be amazed to see how the perpetual holding of this serene, calm, quiet attitude will help you to become like your thought.—Success.

CATCHING COLD.

Suggestions That May Keep One From the Doctor.

A person in good health, with fair play, easily resists cold, but when the health flags a little and liberties are taken with the stomach or with the nervous system a chill is easily taken and, according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold or pneumonia, or it may be jaundice. Of all causes of cold probably fatigue is one of the most effective. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week or of young lady heavily "doing the season," young children overfed and with short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of cold.

Luxury is favorable to chill taking. Very hot rooms, feather beds, soft couches, create a sensitiveness that leads to enteritis. It is not, after all, the cold that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst colds happen to those who do not leave their house or even their beds, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature and who by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fag end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting rooms or underheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks.—London Lancet.

A DROP OF WATER.

It Is a Miniature World Teeming With Strange Life.

In a single drop of unfiltered water may be seen in miniature the tragedy that goes on perpetually in the world at large, for in the little drop there is a whole universe of life, with all its terrible and death dealing competition, with all its mystery and woe.

It was a French biologist who invented the method by which this wonderful state of things is demonstrated. He called the method the "hanging drop slide," and it is beautifully simple. A drop of water from the edge of an ordinary "pond is placed in a hollowed out space on a small strip of glass and sealed with a bit of thinner glass. And now day after day and night after night the hideous business going on in that one drop of perfectly clear and apparently pure water may be watched and studied at the leisure of the observer.

The drop of water is a world to itself. Multitudes of animals swim about in it with plenty of room. The giant worms with tremendous swishing tails, of whose approach one is made aware by the confusion and panic of the smaller creatures scurrying out of the way in fear of their lives, and countless bacteria inhabit that drop as their permanent and proper home and their ranging place.

With a Home.

The great millionaire looked up impatiently.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"I desire, sir," the young man faltered, "to parley your daughter, provided"—

The other frowned.

"Provided what?"

"Just provided," murmured the youth.

Vocabularies.

The English language, according to a German statistician who has made a study of the comparative wealth of languages, heads the list with the enormous vocabulary of 200,000 words; German comes next, with 80,000 words; then Italian, with 75,000; French, 30,000; Turkish, 22,500, and Spanish, 20,000.

"Something Just as Good."

The pretty darling entered the bookstore. "I want to get 'Kidnapped,' by Mr. Stevenson," she said.

"Er—I think," replied the clerk—"I think I'd like that job myself."—Boston Transcript.

Two Large Stones Passed From Bladder.

John Johnston, of 916 E. 3d St., Plainfield, N. J., who for over 14 years has been tax collector of that city, writes: "About three years ago I began to suffer with dreadful pains in my kidneys. I was also at times very bilious, but my most serious trouble was with my water. Sometimes I could hardly pass it, and when I did it was attended with most excruciating pains. Nothing helped me and I began to despair. I decided to try

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

for I heard so much about its good results. It helped me so that I kept it up, and now I have not taken any for a year and am in good health. I never have the pains, my appetite is good, and my old biliousness has left me. During the time I was taking Favorite Remedy I passed two quite large stones, and I have never been troubled with my bladder since."

Write to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the great Kidney, Liver and Blood medicine. Large bottles $1.00, at all druggists.

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, swee) piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables

—I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMII.

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer

Smethport, Pa.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

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FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store,

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOE NG.

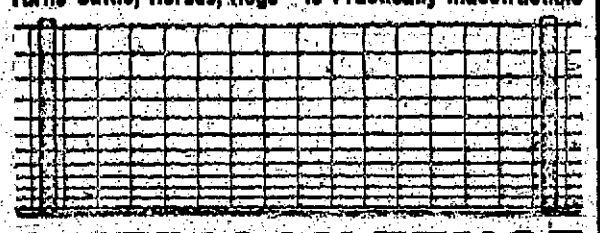
Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Also Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Plows and Harrows and Cultivators, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils and Varnish.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 7, 1900.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The population of Roulette is now claimed to be 2,147.

—A new cement walk has been laid on the King street side of the school house square.

—The diphtheria epidemic at Wellsville, N. Y., is said to be abating. About 20 cases are under quarantine.

—A number of Bradford school teachers were granted an increase in salary at a meeting of the school board Friday night.

—Kane is troubled with a surplus of tramps. Seven hobos were rounded up by the police of that town one day recently.

—Agreeable arrangements having been made in regard to the use of the public square, Port Allegany will celebrate July 4.

—Remember the cooked food sale by the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church at A. E. Foster & Co's store Saturday, June 9, 3 to 5 o'clock.

—A number of children from a Catholic orphans' home are receiving good homes in this vicinity. It is understood that three of them have been given permanent homes in Smethport and several others will pass the summer with various families.

—Miss Biddy Colberg, aged 23 years, and living at Wilcox, Pa., died at the Ridgway hospital Sunday evening at 9 o'clock from injuries which she received at 6 o'clock by being thrown from a buggy in the highway, about 10 miles from here. Miss Colberg was driving in company with a young man when the horse became frightened at automobile and ran away.

—William Patton, who was recently shot by Morris O. Conroe, was an exceedingly lucky man. The bullet which entered his back struck no vital spot and lodged in tissue which seems not to have been seriously injured. In addition to the action which Patton proposes to bring against Conroe for shooting him, another warrant for surety of the peace has been made out. It is claimed by Patton that Conroe has been making threats since the shooting affray. Patton has been discharged from the hospital.—Bradford Era.

The Fashionable Dinner.

Eight hours exclusive of the outlay are required to serve a dinner of twenty-four covers, one being allowed for every three minutes. Another is allowed in the pantry to "run in" the courses. Absolute order and silence reign among the waiters, who perfectly understand the butler's cabalistic signs. Electric signals pass constantly between chef and butler. From the start of the soup until the ladies leave not more than eighty-five minutes should elapse, for long dinners are considered bad form. Upon these occasions scarcely a member of the domestic corps escapes some special duty. The housemaids dissect the pantry plate. After each course twenty-four silver plates and countless small silver knives must be carefully cleansed, wiped very dry and then polished with chamois before being put away. Nearly 200 pieces of engraved crystal ware must be washed and polished, and it is too costly and brittle to be hastily handled.—Everybody's Magazine.

Church Pillars.

The joke of the vicar of Withycombe, Devon, at the Easter vestry as to his laggard churchwarden being not a "pillar" but a "buttress" of the church because he supported it outside reminds one, says a correspondent, of another joke of the same kind delivered from a London pulpit by the late John McNeil. John was minister of the "Scotch church," Regent square, at the time and in his own homely way was driving his points home with telling effect. He suddenly paused, after exhorting his congregation to be workers, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "You know, I always think of church members being divided into two classes—pillars and caterpillars."—London Chronicle.

When Making Fast the Flag Halyards

"Many a slender flagpole has been ruined," said a rigger, "by drawing the halyards down too snugly when making them fast after hauling down the flag. If this is done in dry weather and it comes on wet, the shrinking of the halyards thus drawn taut to start with may be enough to bend the pole, and if it should be left in that way long enough the pole would be permanently bent. Flag halyards when no flag is flying should be made fast with a little slack."

A True Fish Story.

Here is a fish story told by a British nobleman: An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open there was a mighty rush and a flapping of wings, and away flew a wild duck, and when I looked inside there was a nest, with four eggs, and she had been either sitting on that nest."

The Tenure of God.

One of the most curious of the many quaint mediæval customs was that known as "the tenure of God." From what we have taken it to learn of it the custom appears to have originated as an outgrowth of a desire to protect the common people to some extent at least against the lawless tyranny of the feudal lords of the middle ages. It was first decreed at a church synod which convened at Rotuschun in the year 1027. By this decree it was provided that no man should attack his enemy between Saturday evening at nones and Monday morning at the hour of prime. About the year 1092 a similar compact was entered into between the church and the barons of England. The church forbade barons to make any attack upon each other between sunset on Wednesday night and sunrise on the following Monday or upon any feast or fast day. The same force made provision that no man should be disturbed while laboring at his trade or while going to or from a place of worship.

Lost a Railroad.

"A champagne dinner once cost St. Joseph, Mo., the Union Pacific railroad," said an old railroad official. "The Union Pacific bill was up for consideration in congress in the early sixties. It fixed St. Joseph as the eastern terminus of the road. While the bill was under consideration a banquet was held at St. Joseph. It was attended by many of the leading men of the town. After they had filled up on champagne a question arose as to which flag should float from the city hall. The Confederate flag was finally decided on, and in the morning the stars and stripes were hauled down and the stars and bars hoisted. The news reached Washington that very day, while the Union Pacific bill was still under consideration. Senator Pomeroy moved that the name St. Joseph, Mo., be stricken from the bill and Omaha, Neb., be substituted. The amendment carried and St. Joseph thereby lost the Union Pacific."—Kansas City Journal.

A Shifting Landmark.

In the first years of navigation on western waters, says the author of "Early Steamboat Navigation on the Mississippi," [illegible] to the [illegible] at the mouth of [illegible] was [illegible] the channel had [illegible] The pilot ran toward the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] which was [illegible] which the pilot had run at full speed.

One Lead Pencils.

Many a boy is made happy these days by a present of half a dozen pencils with his name printed thereon in gold letters. Perhaps the name "lead pencil" will last through all time and eternity. The original pencil was really made of lead, and on the rough paper of the time made a clearly discernible mark. Germany led in the manufacture. Our earliest importations were much sought after, and none could be bought with other money than gold coin. Accordingly lead pencil was almost worth its weight in gold, and a man who got a supply had to be well accomplished. When a New York merchant advertised the arrival of a consignment of "lead pencils" the rush to buy was phenomenal. This seems incredible to us young roosters, who can buy a dozen pencils today for 10 cents.—New York Press.

The Mendacious Trout.

Of all creatures the angler is the least offender in the crime of killing. The very game he seeks, though beautiful and gentle to the eye and at times noble in deed and purpose, is the most brutal killer of all the races. The lovely trout in its attacks upon gaudy flies, the valiant bass and pike in devouring their smaller brethren and the multitudinous sea fishes not alone in their feeding upon one another, but in their wanton murder of the millions upon millions of victims of their pure love of slaughter.—Country Life In America.

Guillemus and the Devils.

Guillemus Postellus, the author of one of the most famous works on demonology, figures on what he terms "a basis of exact computation" to prove that "the regions of the air, the caverns and dark places of the earth" are inhabited by 4,185,330 devils. Where on earth this visionary writer obtained the material upon which to base such an "exact computation" has been an enigma to all of the later writers on demonology, witchcraft and kindred subjects.

The First Inquest.

The heaviest approach to the holding of a judicial inquiry into the cause of death in England occurred as long ago as the year 1400, when, according to an old writer on the subject, "six and twenty venerable persons were summoned together to hear and consider the testimony of any who could speak with authority regarding the death of a digger in the fields named Martin Folsover."

Food For the Dead.

Corn and bread are still offered by the pious Basques of the Pyrenees to the dear departed on their death anniversary. A traveler in Spain describes how, at San Sebastian he has often seen some poor fisherman's daughter praying in a church for a dead relative "amid baskets full of fruit, heaps of bread and corn and kneeling upon the tomb of her ancestors."

Exact.

Bridegroom (who is receiving his bride's dowry)—Ten dollars is still wanting. Father-in-law—What? Oh, my daughter swallowed that $10 when she was a child.—Fliegende Blatter.

Posy Rings.

When posies inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known. That it is covered that, as he does so many things, with the mossy veil of oblivion, but we know that from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings. These posies or mottoes are seldom to be found with more than two lines of verse and often with only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines are used. Some of these posies are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. In 1612 a small collection of rhymes was published with the title of "Love's Garland; or, Posies For Rings, Handkerchiefs and Gloves and Such Pretty Tokens That Lovers Send Their Loves." It contains some posies that are not to be met with elsewhere and is a very interesting work, though but few people seem to have heard of it. The South Kensington museum has a good collection of posy rings, and among them we find the following: "United hearts, death only parts." "Let us share in joy and care." "Love and live happily." There is a story to the effect that Dr. John Thomas, who was bishop of Lincoln in 1753, caused to be inscribed inside his fourth wife's wedding ring:

If I survive,
I'll make them five.
—London Graphic.

Salmagundi.

Halliwell in his "Dictionary of Archaisms and Provincialisms" describes salmagundy to be a mixture of apples, onions, veal or chicken and pickled herrings, minced fine and eaten with oil and vinegar; hence a nickname for a cook. Cf. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," Bailey's "Dictionary" has "salmigundin."

Salmagundi, of course, made of pickled herring minced up raw with pepper, vinegar, etc. From "Sea Words and Sea Phrases Used Along the Suffolk Coast," by Edward Fitzgerald, communicated by him to the East Anglian News.—London Notes and Queries.

The Champion Parrot.

A woman in a London lunatic asylum was accused of singing hymns to her parrots for the benefit of their souls. This recalls to the London Chronicle the most accomplished parrot in history. It belonged to Colonel Thomas O'Reilly and was famed for its whistling of the One Hundred and Fourth Psalm. When the colonel died in 1787 a large proportion of his obituary notice in the Gentleman's Magazine was devoted to this remarkable bird, which "got another parrot, a present of its own when it first began to speak, in Half Moon street, Piccadilly. This parrot could also whistle 'God Save the King' and 'The Ducks of the Deep' and would go back and correct itself if it got a note wrong. It could even answer questions, and its master was said to have refused 500 guineas a year to show it in public.

Chimneys.

Chimneys are modern—that is, chimneys with fireplaces and flues. None of the Roman ruins shows chimneys like ours. There are none in the restored buildings in Herculaneum and Pompeii. Roman architects complained that their dissertations were smoked up. A kitchen in Rome was always sooty. Braziers were used in the living rooms. The chimney of antiquity consisted of a hole in the roof. The wealthy Romans kept carefully dried wood, which would burn in the room without soot. The modern chimney was first used in Europe in the fourteenth century. The oldest certain account of a chimney places it in Venice in 1347.

A Fish's Tail.

A fish exerts its great propulsive power with its tail, not with its fins. The paddle wheel was made on the theory of propulsion, and the screw propeller had its origin in noting the action of the tail. It is now shown that the fins of the tail actually perform the evolutions described by the propeller blades and that the fish in its sinuous motion through the water depends on the torsional of the tail to give it power.

Home Sky Wives.

The home sky wife is a peculiar product of the time. She rises late and hurries from home the moment she is dressed. To have luncheon, tea or dinner at home appears to her to be intolerable, and she seldom reappears there except to return to bed. "What is home?" was asked at a west end dinner table recently. "The place where the servants are kept," was the immediate answer.—London Truth.

Aski.

"Do you think that marriage is a failure, Mr. Aski?" said Miss Elder to a young man whom she knew to be engaged.

"I haven't got that far yet," was the frank reply, "but I'm pretty well convinced that courtship is bankruptcy."—London Tit-Bits.

How England Got the Gout.

Strange effects have strange causes. What gave most English families of the upper class the gout was the treaty that brought in the heavy wines of Portugal, much too heavy for use in this climate.—Dr. Emil Reich.

One of the secrets of successful achievement lies in giving one's whole mind to the details as they present themselves, never slighting one of them, even the smallest.

The roots of the yucca are extensively used as a substitute for soap in many parts of Mexico and Central America.

Essential Requirements.

"A man must know a great deal to be a good diplomat."

"Yes, and be able not to tell it."

Fighting the Current.

Papua has swift streams well stocked with fish. An explorer tells of Papuan fresh water mullet which sometimes weighs as much as fifteen pounds. "These fish are wonderfully provided by nature with an appliance which helps them to combat the extraordinary currents. At one moment you will see them being swept down resistlessly, but suddenly they shoot off into the quieter water and attach themselves to the rocks by a strong sucker near the mouth. There they hang just outside the current, their tails moving gently with it, and when they have recovered their strength they make another dash through the swifter waters."

Observance of the Sabbath.

There was the minister of Tweedsmuir who on a certain Sabbath found a salmon stranded in shallow water and who, being unable conscientiously to take it out on such a day, built a hedge of stones around it and, returning on the morrow, claimed his prize. There was the old farmer who could not go to the kirk because he had neglected to shave on the Saturday night, and he would not profane the day by the use of any edged tool.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Doing Their Best.

"Didn't I understand you to say they keep a servant girl?"

"Certainly not. I said they try to. As soon as one goes they get another."—Philadelphia Press.

A FAMOUS REMEDY

"I cured MY cough with German Syrup!"
He wrote to Dr. G. G. Green,
"And it cured me well, you, doctor dear,
I'm feelin' finer than ever I've been!"

The poor consumptive should not be the victim of experiment, as he often is, but the moment the dread disease manifests its presence he should be given Boschee's German Syrup—a pure, nonalcoholic medicine that is made specially for the cure of consumption, and has a world-wide fame as a certain remedy for catarrh, colds, coughs, croup, sore throat, and all bronchial affections in old and young. It is sold in all civilized countries, and has been famous as a consumption cure for almost half a century.

Trial bottle, 25c. Big bottle, 75c. At all druggists throughout the world.

For sale by H. C. Wells

Explanations

are often highly unsatisfactory. Ask a tinker why he charged usual prices for a botch job of plumbing and he is dumb. Discharge the tinker and hire us. Our

Plumbing Work

is high grade, stands closest inspection and is as cheap as others. Material used, like our work is A1. Get us for spring plumbing and have it done right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. **Smethport.**

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM.

TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: $1.25 per year, 75c if paid strictly in advance, three cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 7, 1906.

THE big thing trust will soon come under the search-light of investigation. A few publications throughout the country have waged relentless war upon this trust and it remains to be shown how many of their allegations will be proved.

MR. SMOOT may not sit in the Senate. The committee on privileges and elections declared by a vote of 7 to 5 Friday morning that Mr. Smoot is not entitled to a seat in the Senate. Chairman Burrows was authorized to prepare the report to the Senate.

THE Republican State Convention yesterday placed in nomination the following strong ticket: For Governor, Edwin E. Stuart of Philadelphia; Lieutenant Governor, Robert S. Murphy of Cambria county; Auditor General, Robert K. Young; Secretary of Internal Affairs, Henry Houck of Lebanon. The platform is sound and will receive extended mention in another issue.

THERE is a movement on foot among Grand Army men to change Memorial Day from May 30th to the last Sunday of May, and the suggestion is meeting with much popular favor. The old soldier claims that Memorial Day as now celebrated does not belong to him; that it is turned into a day of sports, frolics and too often dissipation, and that the real significance is lost sight of or forgotten, and the lessons of patriotism, formerly associated with the day, are no longer taught.

THE memorial address by Judge Bouton at the Auditorium Wednesday not only proves the thinking, conservative qualities of the man but more thoroughly proves him a fearless, upright man of the people. Joseph W. Bouton is proving by his record what the people believed was in him when they recorded him in almost unanimous vote a few years ago. Every hat in Port Allegany is off to Judge Bouton. Here is where he commenced his career in which they take pardonable pride.—Port Allegany Reporter.

THE jury in the famous New York murder case of the trial of an Italian girl, Josephine Terranova, for the murder of her aunt and uncle, returned a verdict acquitting the girl of the murder of her aunt, after being out but 16 minutes. The charge of killing her uncle may not be tried. The girl alleges that she was compelled to accept the criminal attentions of her uncle from the time she was 11 years old—six years ago and that her aunt was a party to the revolting affair. The girl was recently married, but when her husband learned of her relations with her uncle, he deserted her. Driven almost insane over her treatment she killed both her uncle and aunt. The verdict of the jury is being highly commended by the press throughout the country.

MCKEAN COUNTY has been honored by the selection of Hon. Lewis Emery of Bradford as the candidate for Governor by the Lincoln party of Pennsylvania. In announcing the nomination the Bradford Herald says in part: "For many years Mr. Emery has stood for his ideals with a small minority of Pennsylvania Republicans. Sentiment along these lines has increased. In fact, this is an anti-convention year. Mr. Emery has had the pleasure of witnessing the downfall of the machine rule in the State. He represents the platform of the Lincoln party which sets forth suggestions for many needed reforms in the manner of conducting public affairs and the control of matters of a semi-public nature. Among the number is new ballot law, better care of the wards of the State, abolition of the fee system in public official positions, the granting of municipal franchises to be determined by a vote of the electors, a two-cent fare on railroads, improvement in the pure food laws, local option in the liquor traffic and the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people."

MONDAY President Roosevelt sent a special message to Congress recommending immediate action on the findings of Messrs. Bronson and Neill, the special commissioners appointed to investigate stockyard conditions at Chicago. The report stated that nothing was given in the same except facts that had been carefully verified by the commissioners. The report is said to be merely a preliminary one, but it discloses a frightful state of affairs. It shows that that the beef trust is in business to make money, regardless of what it furnishes the public in the way of food. It is alleged that the slaughter and packing houses are horrible depositions of filth and that stock that has actually perished from deadly diseases is given to the public in different food products. The report discloses a condition that has long been a national scandal and the most severe penalties that can be inflicted under the laws should be meted out to the persons responsible for this outrage upon the American people.

THE death of Arthur Pue Gorman, United States Senator from Maryland, occurred at his Washington home at 9:05 o'clock, Monday morning. While Senator Gorman had been ill for many months, he had shown some improvement lately. Heart trouble was the immediate cause of death. Senator Gorman long had been a notable figure in the National Congress. He first took his seat in 1881 and served continuously for 18 years, and nearly all that time he was a leader of his party in the Senate. Up to the moment of his death Senator Gorman was conscious. His condition during the past week had improved so much that yesterday the family had hopes of shortly taking him to the country. He partook of some nourishment at 8 o'clock this morning, but at 9 o'clock he was seized with a heart attack and died in five minutes. Senator Gorman's illness extended over a period of five months. Senator Gorman, in a written request addressed to Mrs. Gorman, asked that no state funeral should be held. He said he did not wish his body brought to the capitol as he wanted his colleagues always to think of him as they knew him in life, as an active senator.

THE throwing of a bomb at the carriage containing the King of Spain and his bride at Madrid last Thursday, resulted in a terrible explosion which killed twenty-four people and wounded many others. The King and Queen escaped without injury, although the explosion occurred within a few yards of their carriage. Manuel Moralde, an anarchist, formerly a man of some distinction, is thought to have been the perpetrator of the outrage. He killed himself to avoid capture after killing an officer who had tried to arrest him. The American envoy to the royal wedding, Frederick W. Whitbridge and his suite, had an opportunity for a brief conversation with King Alfonso during the reception at the palace Saturday night. When the conversation naturally turned to the attempt on the king and queen King Alfonso shrugged his shoulders and made the following significant statement, showing how he views the future: "Yes, fortunately it was unsuccessful; but it will come again. It may be any time—perhaps to-morrow, perhaps within a month, perhaps within a year—but it will come." The face of the King wore a look of calm resignation as he gave this forecast of the future.

An Ohio Lady Well Pleased.

A prominent lady of Geneva, Ohio, says Crocker's Rheumatic Cure is all right. Under date of Jan. 4, 1906, she says: This is to certify that I have had rheumatism more or less all my life, and have taken only one and a half 50c bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and have been very much benefitted by it. MRS. ORA PATCH.

For sale by L. K. Hagarth.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 29, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 18461 44
Checks and other cash items		217 05
Due from Banks and Bankers		141581 42
Commercial and other paper purchased		307443 11
Call Loans upon collateral		1500 00
Time Loans upon Collateral		262166 87
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		119657 18
Investment securities, viz.		
Stocks, Bonds, etc.	358311 68	
Mortgages	4438 17	103249 85
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17315 14
Overdrafts		476 05
		990176 90

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		17736 29
Deposits, subject to check	250701 81	
Deposits, special	455685 80	692450 81
		990176 90

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss:
COUNTY OF McKEAN }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1906.

(Signed) HALLIE A. WALKER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 19th, 1907.

Correct—Attest:

(Signed) JOHN FORREST,
(Signed) F. D. GALLUP,
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN,
Directors.

I. ODESSER,
EAST SMETHPORT.

Best Prices Paid for all kinds of

JUNK

RAGS BONES
RUBBERS and
IRON ROPE
METAL.

Just received a new line of

CROCKERY
and
GLASSWARE

All kinds of TINWARE.

BELL 'PHONE.

BELL BROS.
OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

UNDERMUSLINS AS PRETTY AS THE FEMENINE HEART CAN DESIRE.

Martins lingerie is the best—softest and cleanest to buy. Made under perfect sanitary conditions—even a parsimonious old Dutch housewife wouldn't find a fault with their cleanliness. The workmanship is perfect—every stitch is carefully taken—the most particular home needleworker could not better them. The materials are intelligently chosen—never have softer nainsooks and as pretty laces and embroideries been associated even in thought. This is a remarkable buying time—you should at least buy a summer's supply of the garments for economys sake.

For low prices and high qualities, this event is certainly our "star" event.

CORSET COVERS.

The "Martin Kind," beautifully trimmed for 25c; soft cottons, elaborately trimmed with pretty lace, for 50c. Pretty Nainsook, with lace and embroidery and tucked backs, for 59c, 69c, 75c, 85c, $1, $1.25, up to $2.50.

GOWNS.

Designed by high class artists—Nainsook, square yoke of lace and embroidery, ribbon trimmed, elbow sleeve and very dainty, for $1.00.

EMPIRE GOWN

Trimmed with embroidery and insertion, plain yoke, $1.39

SLIP-OVER GOWN

Round lace yoke, Nainsook muslin, elbow sleeve, $1.95

For $2.25, $2.39, $2.50 up to $5 and $6, we show gowns that are "dreams." The artistic designs only produced by high class artists are the styles shown in this exhibit

SKIRTS

The full and flutty kind, the kind that all good dressers are shopping for, and want to wear. For $1—Full size, dust and Nainsook ruffle, with clusters. For $1.50—Embroidery and lace trimmed, deep flounces with cluster tucks, beautiful in design. For $2—Wide Swiss embroidery flounce with cluster tucks. For $2.25—Rows of tucks with lace insertion.

BELL BROS.
The leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

Early Summer Millinery.

We are now showing the most popular and charming ideas in New Summer Millinery. They are the latest products of the season—handsome, becoming and stylish.

Our beautiful fine white lawn waists are unexcelled. Some have artistically trimmed yokes, others entire fronts of imposted allover embroidery.

Just received an immense lot of ladies shirt waist dresses and separate skirts both in white and colors. We can suit you in style and price. We are showing some of the newest and most popular novelties—hat pins, belts, belt buckles, fancy bags, combs, collars, etc.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 35c — 20c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c — Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You. — Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

In summer or winter *Lucas Paint* stands the dry hot rays of the scorching sun or the frequent volleys of snow, hail, rain or sleet better than any other paint.

Lucas Paint
(Tinted Gloss)
covers so thoroughly and lasts so long that it makes your house weather-proof year in and year out, and preserves both material and good looks.

John Lucas & Co
Sixty years of paint-making
New York Philadelphia Chicago

FOR

Men
Women
Children.

SHOES THAT FIT AND WEAR FOR THE SAME PRICE AT

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

10 & 15c **Ladies Home Journal Patterns** 10 & 15c

Free June style book ready for distribution. Summer edition of Ladies Home Journal Style Books now for sale at 25c.

SPECIAL LINE

New Dress Ginghams at 10c per yard.
Thin, sheer white goods, just the thing for Shirt Waists.
Ladies white shirt waists, $1.00 each.
Ladies white muslin skirts, $1.00 each.
Men's, women's and children's underwear.
Men's and boys' straw hats and caps.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

May 29, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Would you buy a jacket or suit at Half price? Just half what they are selling for to-day.

If so, this will interest you.

11 Covert Jackets, ranging in prices from $4.98 to $12.50. For quick closing at Half Price.

12 Ladies and Misses Suits all new styles long sleeves or short, Blacks and Greys, $15.00 to $35.00, they go at just Half Price this week.

20 Misses Jackets, Grey checks or plaids, loose Pony style. A garment needed by every girl. Buy them and save One Half.

Dorris Oxfords for Ladies and Misses, Black, Tan and White in all sizes. Prices on these are especially attractive this week.

Short lengths of Wash and White Goods

After a heavy white season we find numerous short lengths of the best selling materials, enough for waist or skirt but not a suit pattern. These are on our counters at about One Half to close them out quickly

Also a line of Wash Skirts, Ladies and Misses at 75cts, $1.20 and $1.50, to go quickly.

It will be time well invested to see these and money well invested to supply your wants at these prices.

The Lindholm Co.

THE BEST ICE CREAM FREEZER.

Shepard's Lightning is the best freezer in practical use because convenient, compact in size, use smallest amount of ice and salt, runs easily, freezes quickly, produces smoothly frozen creams with little bother and less work.

They last longer because pails are of cedar with electric welded hoops. The cans are made of heavy tin plate with drawn steel bottoms. The automatic tin scrapers insure quick results. Don't be talked into buying any other freezer. There is none so good.

Shepard's Lightning Ice Cream Freezer, 4 quart $2.50.

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD.

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 7, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The hotels are crowded.

—Oswayo, Potter county, is to have a new glass factory.

—Born, to Prof. and Mrs. T. T. Allen, on Friday, June 1st, a son.

—Smethport vs. Derrick City at Kane Field Saturday at 2:30 p. m.

—A sale of fine waists is the subject of Fry & Comes' ad in this issue.

—Workmen are building a new dwelling house on Cemetery street for Joseph Wirt.

—Peter Palmquist of Clermont died at the County Home last Saturday, aged 69 years.

—Great preparations are being made in Port Allegany for the celebration of July 4th.

—Have a look at The Lindholm Co. advertisement this week. It will prove of interest.

—M. A. Colvin, the marble cutter, and his wife, moved Thursday to Smethport, McKean county.—Ridgway Advocate.

—Parents who want stylish clothing for their boys at a great saving should be interested in Monheimer's ad on this page.

—Attention is directed to the new ad of Bell Bros., Olean, this week. This enterprising firm has something of interest to all.

—A regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the chapel of the M. E. church on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Important business is to be transacted.

—The members of the graduating class entertained their friends after the exercises at the Lyceum Monday evening with a dance which was much enjoyed by all present.

—The committee of arrangements of the Travelers' Club have secured the Baptist church for the meetings during the ensuing year.

—The clam chowder supper and dance given at the hose house last night by the young men of St. Elizabeth's church attracted many persons and proved to be a success in every way.

—The circumstances surrounding the death of Eugene Glavin remain a mystery. There is a suspicion that he might have met with foul play, but no arrests have been made.

—It is not too late to arrange for a big celebration of July 4 in Smethport if the people want one. A celebration at home keeps a large sum of money in town that otherwise will be spent elsewhere.

—Otis Carl, a Smethport youngman, caught two men in an attempt to pick his pockets in Olean one day last week and notified the police. As a result the men will have to stand trial at Little Valley.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Trinity Sunday) the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Services and Sunday school at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—The statement of the "Little Tycoon" company has been sent in for publication but will not appear until next week on account of lack of space. It shows the receipts to be $1108.29; the expenditures, $527.14; and balance on hand, $576.15.

—At Mt. Jewett Saturday the baseball team of that place defeated the Derrick City nine by a score of 10 to 6. Walter Daniels and Ollie Estry of the Smethport team participated in the game, the former with Mt. Jewett and the latter with Derrick City.

—The Salvation Army brigade will conduct their last street meeting in Smethport on Saturday evening at seven o'clock in front of the postoffice. At 8 o'clock they conduct a meeting in the Swedish Mission church. All are invited to attend. Sunday next farewell services will be held in the East Smethport Union church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon the brigade will conduct an open air service.

—The following is clipped from the account of a recent game between Oil City and Kane and shows that the Smethport contingent is certainly making good: "The features of the game was the phenomenal work of Servatius and Sasse in left and center field, both making brilliant catches and saving at least four runs."

—There is little doubt but that Smethport will have the largest crowd in its history at the next county fair. The new and convenient train service on the Pennsylvania railroad will help swell the attendance. Paste the dates, September 4, 5, 6, 7, 1906, in your hat and be sure to make arrangements to be in Smethport and tell all your friends to do likewise.

—Yesterday was circus day in Olean and many people were in that town to see the elephant. There were elephants of all sizes and thirty-three of them, so that no one was disappointed. Ringling Bros. have the best circus on the road this year. About 40 Smethport people were in attendance at Olean and a large delegation will witness the show in Bradford to-day.

—The strong Derrick City baseball team will be here on Saturday and try conclusions with the Smethport team at Kane Field. These teams are evenly matched and an exciting contest may be looked for but the county seat boys say they are going to win if there is a possible chance. Fuller and Croissant are expected to be the battery for the home team. Game calls at 2:30 p. m.

[!—Do not fail to attend the illustrated lecture to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock at the Baptist church for the benefit of the Salvation Army. Major Geo. Casler of Buffalo will lecture on the "World Wide Operations of the Salvation Army." It is an interesting topic and the worthy disposition of the proceeds should insure liberal patronage. Tickets: Adults, 25 cents, children, 15 cents. Remember the date, Friday evening, June 8.

—An attempt was made by some unknown miscreant Tuesday night to burn the Phillips machine shop, located at No. 115 Chestnut street, Bradford. The incendiary had piled a heap of rubbish, composed of broken crates, boxes, and the like, against the side of the building and in this a blaze was started, but fortunately the fire was discovered and extinguished before it had gained much headway.

—A very pleasant wedding occurred at the residence of the groom, at Carpenter Brook, on June 4th, when Mrs. Mary E. Maullie of Buffalo, N. Y., was united in marriage to William G. Butler in the presence of a few selected friends who had gathered to celebrate Mr. Butler's birthday. Justice Carpenter of Larabee officiated on the happy occasion. The many friends unite in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Butler a most prosperous and enjoyable future.

Whitsola, the great shoe, glove and clothing cleaner at Fry & Comes and J. Colegrove's.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

W. A. Grinard

Successor to Geo. L. Smith & Co

AUTO GARAGE

Repairing and Building in all its branches.

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Long Distance Phone 298, at Garage
Night Call 367

257 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

N. Y. BANKING HOUSE offering prime STEAM RAILROAD BONDS will engage the services of a business man who can control investment business within their neighborhood. Address Lock Box 2057, New York City

Personal Mention.

Miss Mazie Gleisner of Vineland, N. J., is visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle visited Bradford Saturday last.

Miss Katheryn Cassidy of Ormsby was a visitor in town Sunday.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. John Forrest and daughter, Miss Ruth, were Buffalo visitors this week.

E. E. Beckwith of Alfred, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Miss Anna Berg of Mt. Jewett was a visitor among friends in town this week.

Misses Pauline Wilson and Dewey Davis of Bradford are visiting friends in town.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett was a guest of friends in town Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin and Miss Harriet Potter are visiting friends in Bradford this week.

Mrs. T. H. Pancoast and son, Maurice, visited Olean friends a few days this week.

Miss Helen Pancoast departed Monday for a two months' visit with Buffalo friends.

H. C. Crawford of Sizerville was in town Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call.

Miss Harriet Potter of New York City is the guest of her sister, Mrs. William Hafner.

Kenneth Mayo arrived home Tuesday from Syracuse University for the summer vacation.

Daniel Bacon arrived from DuBois Saturday evening and passed Sunday with his family in town.

J. F. Olmstead of Mansfield, Ohio, was a guest at the home of Dr. H. L. McCoy the forepart of the week.

Misses Cora and Christine Lemmler of Eldred were guests at the home of their uncle, Chas. Lemmler, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. McFall and family of Eldred were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sweeney, Sunday last.

Mrs. F. A. Wainman and children of Bainbridge, Ga., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sweeney of Mill street.

Mrs. James Sterner, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. W. Klug, has returned to her home in Allentown.

J. B. Swab and J. R. Woodard of Cyclone were doing jury duty this week and were pleasant callers at this office Monday.

Mrs. H. F. Grabs, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner, has returned to her home in Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Friedrich and son, Percy, of Lyons, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire at the Grand Central Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Miss Helen McCoy and J. L. Morrison were in Buffalo this week. They made the trip in Mr. Redfield's touring car.

Misses Ruth Walker, Ruth Forrest, Mrs. Hascal Hockenberry, Lawrence Morrison and Scott Redfield drove over from Smethport yesterday afternoon in the Redfield automobile. They witnessed the ball game and returned in the evening.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

Notice,

My wife, Ollie, having left my bed and board, I hereby forbid all persons to harbor her or give her credit as I will pay no bills of her contraction.

ED. EASTWOOD.

Newerf, Pa., May 22, 1906.

All Horsemen Take Notice,

The famous Percheron stallion, "Toxique," will be at Hayes' Livery Stable at Hazelhurst every Thursday evening and until Friday noon, during the season of 1906. Kane Percheron Horse Co.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES, Smethport, Pa.

Have your lawn mower sharpened on our machine. Make it better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

One Week's Closing Sale

at almost 1/3 less that our former low selling prices.

We never carry any clothing over from one season to another, hence our rule to hold each season a one week's closing sale of all our Boys and Mens clothing at a reduction of almost 33 1/3 PER CENT.

This week we sell Boys Suits that were

$6.00	at	$4.00
5.00	"	3.50
4.00	"	2.75
3.00	"	2.00

WM. MONHEIMER.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

A SALE OF FINE WAISTS.

We offer this week choice of our best waists at 1/4 less than marked prices.

We bought too many of the fine grades and take this effective way of reducing the stock.

This is a rare opportunity to replenish your wardrobe at a small outlay.

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MAX SCHOOLAR, Smethport, Pa.

PECCARIES

By NORA BRYANT

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Down in the forests of the southwest there are certain regions where one never ventures to stroll without a rifle, and where, even with a rifle, one keeps an eye open for climbable trees. For here are found peccaries; peccaries by the ones, twos, and by the hundreds—the ferocious wild pig; the one animal from which an experienced hunter will run.

Wainwright had been told all this. Every inhabitant of the ranch had taken unlimited satisfaction in detailing to the young Englishman the horrors of a "death by peccaries" and in impressing on him the means by which such death could be avoided. But Wainwright only smiled knowingly. He had heard before of the way these Americans like to fable to a tenderfoot. He did not propose to swallow everything. Even Billy, the old time chum on whose ranch he was spending a few months, felt it his duty to utter a word or two of warning. But Wainwright was only politely bored.

The sun rose very clearly that winter morning. After the days of raw rains and mists that had preceded it, the woods, brown and sodden, seemed beautiful to Wainwright.

He swung along, his pipe going like a furnace, his fine shoulders squarely back as he took in deep breaths of the exhilarating air and his tawny hair catching now and then a gleam of the sun as it flickered through the trees. His rifle was tucked very obediently under one arm, but he was not hunting. He was tramping through the woods for the Englishman's mere love of tramping.

The sodden leaves under foot yielded up a damp, earthy smell that was very pleasant to this earth loving man. The trees rustled in a companionly way; a rabbit or two scurried through the bushes; his tobacco had just the right flavor, and Wainwright would have been very contented had it not been for his constant thought of Billy's sister. Things had been going on but lifelessly until the silly quarrel of yesterday, and now he never would have the courage to ask her if she would adopt England for a permanent abiding place.

He stopped and stooped to tie his shoe. As he straightened himself again, he heard a tentative "Oof!" near by. A rough coated pig was standing a rod or so from him, watching him with ugly little eyes.

"Hello, piggy," said Wainwright genially. "Are you one of the peccaries I hear such shameful tales about? They ought to be ashamed to malign such a harmless little chap as you."

He relighted his pipe, picked up his rifle and started toward the peccary. "Out of the way, Mr. Pig," he said.

The peccary did not stir. "Oof! Oof!" he said.

"Oof! Oof!" was answered from a nearby bush, and "Oof! Oof!" from half a dozen different directions. Out trotted half a dozen rough coated little fellows with a businesslike gait and grouped themselves about the first comer. Their watchful gaze was a trifle disconcerting. Wainwright hit his pipestem a little nervously.

"By Jove," he said, "this is rather embarrassing. If there is nothing I can do for you gentlemen, perhaps you will step aside and let me pass?" And he took a resolute step forward. The peccaries, with little grunts, held their ground.

All this time their number had been steadily augmented until Wainwright was facing fifty of the ugly little brutes. He looked about.

"Gads, I guess the natives were right, and Billy was not stuffing me, after all; at least as far as the beasts' numbers and attentiveness go. I certainly am not going to try to shoot at as close range as this. The brutes might charge."

The foremost peccary drew a little nearer. His neighbors each took a forward step. Those on the outer edge shoved each other a little closer. There was a peculiar ugliness about the little brutes that was almost sickening. Their dark little bodies swarming in pleasantly close, made him think of a tale an East Indian soldier had told him of a man who was eaten alive by a countless swarm of black spiders. He looked at their slavering, champing tusks and stepped slowly backward. The peccaries circled in closer and Wainwright stopped, lifted his rifle, took deliberate aim and fired at the leader. There were loud "Oofs!" and a quickening forward of the whole mass.

Wainwright recalled Billy's warning. "Remember that when you strike a herd of peccaries you are up against a new proposition. They fear nothing on the footstool. When you strike a herd just forget that you ever hunted elephants or tigers, drop your rifle and run for the nearest tree."

Wainwright gave a last glance at the hundred cruel eyes fastened on him, dropped his rifle and gave one spring to the trunk of the nearest tree, barely escaping the forward rush of the peccaries. A moment later he was seated in the lowest crotch, breathing hard with the peccaries pawing, grunting and rooting below him.

"I wonder how long this will last," he thought. "If little Jane could see me she certainly would think I was getting my punishment for being so surly this morning."

For an hour Wainwright sat in his uncomfortable position, trying to find solace in his pipe and growing more and more irritated. The peccaries seemed untiring in their vigilance, and he shuddered at the possibility of falling among them if he dropped asleep. Far off through the woods he could see a line of snake fence. He wondered if he dared run for it.

Just then he caught the gleaming of a blue gown among the trees. It was Jane, wandering off to look for him. "She should have known better! Heavens, it's my fault!" he thought. His heart stood still within him. Then he tore off his coat, vest and cap and with a blood curdling yell threw them far toward the outer edge of the herd. Like lightning the little animals turned in among themselves and fought for the garments. Wainwright dropped from the tree and flew toward the now terror stricken girl. Without a word but "Come!" he seized her hand and started in mad flight toward the fence. Almost immediately he heard the peccaries behind them, but their start was good. Closer and closer sounded the sickening grunts.

"Faster, Janey, faster!" panted Wainwright, and the girl quickened her pace to his. Wainwright gave a single backward glance. The foremost peccary was only a few feet behind them. Before them was a gully perhaps five feet wide. If only they could leap that! He knew that the peccaries could not jump, but would be forced to wade the brook. With the thought they were across it, though Jane stumbled and fell just on the other side. But Wainwright had her up again without breaking his speed.

The fence was now so near that he could see the dead goldenrod on the other side, how so near that he saw the moss on the top rail, and now he lifted Jane and tossed her to the other side just as the peccaries hurled themselves at his legs. But he, too, was over, and the peccaries snorted and tore in vain at the strong old barrier.

Little Jane threw her arms about him. "Oh, Lawrence," she cried, "I'll never be cross again as long as I live!"

Wainwright held her close. "If it ends this way," he said, "I hope you will be cross often."

"FASTER, JANEY, FASTER!" PANTED WAINWRIGHT.

Bachelor Man Whitcher.

In the earlier days of the fame of the poet Whittier, when already his name was widely known and honored, but did not yet command the almost universal recognition it had won in his old age, a visitor to Amesbury occasionally had difficulty in finding where he lived. His house was in an out of the way part of the town, and his name pronounced by the country folk in two syllables instead of three was not uncommon in the neighborhood. It is recounted that one admirer, after much search and many failures, made inquiries of a rural gentleman of venerable appearance, who seemed to take a kindly interest in satisfying the quest, but suggested successively the dwellings of several Whittiers, who proved on further description not to be the one. At length the old fellow remembered with sudden enlightenment that there was one Whittier more, and, slapping his thigh, he drawled with deliberate triumph:

"Now I've got him sure. You mean that old bachelor man that lives with an old maid sister daown by the mills. He's a Whitcher too."

And this "Whitcher," a despised bachelor and an afterthought, was indeed the right one.

English as a Classic.

A generation ago the education of a college man confined itself almost entirely to a study of Latin, Greek, philosophy and metaphysics, while now the study of history, economics and other subjects of practical bearing predominates. Interest in the classical languages has now largely abated, even with persons who make a study of them. The student was formerly supposed to get his training from Greek and Latin; English he studied incidentally. Now the study of English is predominant in the American colleges. This should not be considered, however, as a disparagement of the progress of American culture. It should be remembered that the Greeks themselves wrought out their wonderful culture, literature and art entirely without the aid of a foreign language. The schoolboys of Greece were required to commit to memory the best poems of the language, notably the poems of Homer, which shaped their thoughts, conversation and acts and finally their character.—President Schurman as Reported in Cornell Sun.

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Pro Bono Publico

By FRANK H. SWEET

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The new minister had been in Roxville three months, and already the Thursday evening attendance had more than doubled, and there were premonitions that several presumptive engagements would not come off, and yet Burke Ellson was not a ladies' man in any sense of the word. He was fresh from his theological course, diffident, earnest and with his heart in the upbuilding of this, his first church, and his splitting were of so commonplace an order as to seem brilliant only in an out-country village like Roxville.

This Thursday evening the attendance was unusually large, and among the twenty or more girls there were nearly half as many boys, red, embarrassed and waiting impatiently for the close of the service.

As they filed out Carrie Morse, the organist, paused at the door for a lei-

"I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH YOU."

surely buttoning of her gloves. A hand touched her arm suggestively, but she finished the buttoning calmly. Then she said, without turning: "No, Sam, not to-night. I'm going to walk with Alice. We've got things to talk about, Connie," to a girl who was standing with a young man just inside.

"All right, I'm ready. No," to her companion, "you can't walk home with me this evening, Tom. It's such a short way, and Carrie and I want to be together."

As they went down the path a third girl joined them, running from a boy whose arm half rose in ineffectual protest. The girl was giggling.

"I guess I'll walk with you, girls," she cried. "We've just got to cold shoulder those boys a little or they'll begin to think they own us, and I—we don't want their company that way. But isn't he sweet?"

"Lovely," Carrie answered. She regarded the newcomer through the corners of her eyes. "Funny," she commented, "you've been keeping company with John two years."

"That's just the trouble," the girl giggled, "it's getting too settled. But you've been going with Sam most as long, Carrie, and folks do say—oh, you needn't laugh, Alice—Tom and Tom are pretty much in the same boat. But never mind; you're both like me, and feel it's getting too settled. The boys need a little—little more uncertainty."

"There never was anything between Sam and me," said Carrie, shortly. "We're just friends."

"That's what Tom and I are," declared Alice. "It's silly the way folks talk. What are you snickering about, Lou?"

"Oh, nothing," giggled the third girl; "only I was sort of wondering if 'twas him." Then, inconsequently, "He's coming over to my house Thursday. He asked if it would be convenient when I came in this evening."

"That's because you're a committee on the Easter decorations," observed Carrie, indifferently, "and his head is full of that just now. He spent all last evening at my house."

"Because you're the organist, and he's trying to improve the music," said Alice. "Land knows, there's room enough. I'm going to have him in to supper Friday, just as a friend."

There were some minutes of silence, during which the girls walked on several feet apart; then they came together again.

Just behind them was a neatly clad figure alone. At first the girl had paid no attention to the conversation in front; then, as the tones grew more insistent and she understood, she fell behind, her face growing thoughtful. Three young men pushed by her, indignant, and yet evidently afraid to advance, for they only went on a few steps, and then slackened their pace.

"I tell you, boys, I won't stand this thing much longer," she heard one of them declare hotly. "This makes two Thursdays I've been turned down, and I thought everything was all right, and I've even been on the lookout for a house. Of course, I wouldn't say this to you"—apologetically and lowering his voice, though not so low but the girl behind was obliged to hear—"but you two are being treated in the same way. What's the matter, do you think—him?"

"No; just girls' foolishness," answered one of his companions. "Ellison isn't a Mormon, and, besides, everybody can see he doesn't care for girls. He's afraid of them. I guess ours are only trying to see how much strain we will bear."

"Um! Maybe you're right"—doubtfully—"but I feel as though I ought to be planning the thing down somewhere and starting a row. If only he wasn't quite so—so audibly unconscious"—

The girl fell back still farther, beyond any possibility of hearing; then there came a quick, firm step behind her, and—

"How fortunate, Miss Jessie. I was afraid I might not be able to catch up with you. I wanted"—

"To see me about the new carpet?" she anticipated.

"No, just to see you," frankly. "But I beg your pardon. I was not to allude to it again until after you finished schooling. One forgets so easily. I hope they are all well at home?"

She did not answer for some moments. When she looked up a tremulous smile was playing about her lips, but her eyes were clear and steady.

"I withdraw what I told you that evening, Burke," she said, "and will answer your request as you wish, and—and you may announce the engagement at once."

He stopped short, his face joyous, but incredulous. Then he caught her hands.

"Why, I—I don't understand it, Jessie," he stammered. "What does it mean? There was no intimation of it in your eyes or voice when I spoke to you this evening. How came you to—to change so suddenly?"

"For the public good, perhaps," she replied thoughtfully. "But never mind; you would not understand. Maybe I will tell you some time. Now you may walk home with me."

A Freak of Nature.

The most wonderful piece of natural sculpture in the world may be seen by any visitor to the Cape Verde islands. This specimen of natural art work is without doubt the most colossal and marvelous freak known to the geologists and geographers. San Vincente is the principal town of the islands. As the ship enters the harbor of the above named place one sees a bold ridge of dark volcanic rocks lying in the distance. The crest of this ridge forms an exact likeness of Washington, the figure lying apparently face upward, as if in sleep. The large, bold features, the backward wave of the hair, the rolling form of the massive shoulders and even the frills on his colonial shirt are reproduced on a scale of such magnitude and grandeur as to be slightly startling. The fidelity of the outline is such that the freakish fogies assumed by the stalactites and stalagmites in the well known natural caverns are not suitable comparisons. This strange natural monument to the greatest of American heroes is the first object to meet the gaze of the observing sightseer as he approaches the Cape Verde islands. With the boundless ocean for its background and the tropical sky overhanging it, it is no flight of the imagination when we say that the freak forms a tableau of overpowering magnificence.

A Brain in Your Throat.

Did you know that the throat has a brain of its own? I suppose few people are aware of it, but it's a fact. There is a small ganglion which exercises direct control of the muscles of the throat and acts as its brain. Of course it is subservient to the genuine brain, but at the same time does a good deal of independent thinking for itself. It is very timid and suspicious of any strange objects that come near the throat. For this reason it is very difficult for a physician to operate on the throat. Before anything can be done in this direction it is necessary for the operator to gain the confidence of the little brain that dominates it. It frequently takes weeks before this confidence can be secured, and until it is secured it is impossible to perform any operation. Woe to the man who attempts rough treatment to the throat before gaining the little brain's confidence! His operations will be resented with violent paroxysms, first of the throat, then of the diaphragm, and if the operator still persists the patient will be thrown into convulsions. Still more curious is the fact that this little brain has a memory, and if once frightened in this way it is almost impossible to ever gain its confidence, no matter how gentle the operator may be.—Pearson's Weekly.

Ants Live on Lice.

In their migrations from plant to plant the lice are often aided by their foster mothers, the ants, for many species are carefully cared for and guarded by the ever diligent ants. A peculiar sweetish liquid called "honeydew" is secreted by the aphides of which the ants are extremely fond. To secure this they herd the aphides, much as if they were little green cattle. Frequently an ant may be seen tapping an aphis with her antennae, upon which a drop of the honeydew is exuded and quickly lapped. Thus the ants are probably entirely responsible for carrying the young aphides, which affect the strawberry roots in Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and elsewhere from the foliage down to the roots and for carrying them from plant to plant as the plants wither from their injury. The melon louse is similarly carried by the ants from hill to hill. But most remarkable of all is the case of the corn root aphis, which lays its eggs in ants' nests in the fall, where they are carefully guarded all winter, and in the spring the young aphides are carried by the ants to the roots of their favorite food plants.—E. D. Sanderson in Garden Magazine.

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THE LODGE.

In Many Towns It Has Become the Great Social Center.

The lodge has become the social center of many a town. It is so to a greater degree perhaps in the west than in the east. On the plains distances between population centers are greater, the ties of old family acquaintance are lacking, the fraternal order is the one thing that knows no barrier of wealth or position. The fact that many of the orders admit men and women to their membership on the same terms adds to the strength of the social claims. It also brings about odd situations.

"I am going downtown tonight," remarked a country town banker one evening to his wife. "The lodge meets this evening."

"That will leave me alone," was the response, "for Anna" (their one servant) "is going to lodge too."

"Yes," agreed the husband, "we belong to the same lodge."

This very equality brings about a comradeship that in the newer communities makes closer the ways of life. You have an employee in your office or store. He works with his coat off, and through the day you consider him but little. You do not ask his opinion or defer to his judgment. But on lodge night when you enter the portals of a lodge door, though it may admit only to the second floor of an unpainted frame building, is always a "portal"—you make your obeisance and mystic signs before a dignified potentate in robes of red and yellow whom you recognize as your employee.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic.

Such a Temper.

His Wife—But I don't think, George, that you ought to object to mamma. Why, just think, if it hadn't been for her you would never have had me! Her Husband—Huh! Don't try to excuse her by saying that. You make me hate her worse than ever.—Modern Society.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Marion, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. H. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimmitt, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Lewis, Bixford and Lewis Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. J. Cudwell, East Smethport.
Coroner—H. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hoyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lynn Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hughes, Jas. McKean, A. A. Addey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, E. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. S. Apple, secy.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—P. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 408, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 293, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2:30 p. m. in the Old Fellows Hall.

H. L. BRITTINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KINSEY, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSTNER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONHORSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and, Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Hober McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Meber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Eligius Catholic Church.

Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clearfield, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek, and Pittsburg, 10:10a m week days.

For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:00 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:35 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:25 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo B R & P
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B R & P
5:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at

9:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.
11:55 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:45 p m from Bradford.
6:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

C. E. GUNNISON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1906. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily, except Sunday at 7:40 a. m. and 12:00 m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	1	0:45
Mt. Jewett	8:15	1:30	6:15
Kane	8:25	2:35	6:25
Leave			
Bradford	7:50		4:35
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:30	5:09
		a. m.	P.M.

Arriving at Smethport at 8:20 a. m. 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. R. R. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. E. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905.

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M		A M	P M	A M
2:05	5:10	Hornellsville	Ar 10:45	6:00	
2:00	5:05	Arkport	10:50	5:55	
1:50	4:55	Burns	11:00	5:45	
1:45	4:50	Hornellsville	Lv 11:05	5:40	
1:30	4:35	Canaseraga	11:20	5:25	
1:20	4:25	Swains	11:30	5:15	
1:08	4:13	Birdsall	11:43	5:02	
1:00	4:05	Angelica	11:50	4:55	
12:50	3:55	Friendship	12:00	4:45	
12:40	3:45	Rutgar	12:10	4:35	
12:30	3:35	Olean	12:20	4:25	
12:15	3:20	Eldred		4:10	
12:00	3:05	Larabee		3:55	
11:55	3:00	Smethport		3:50	
11:45	2:50	Mt. Jewett		3:40	
11:30	2:35	St. Marys	Ar 11:30	3:25	
		Shawmut	11:11		
		Ar. Brockwayville	11:00		
P M	P M		A M	P M	

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch.

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:00	11:00	7:25	Wayland	10:45	3:02	6:58
3:20	11:06	7:30	Perkinsville	10:39	2:56	6:52
3:41	11:12	7:36	Bonnersville	10:33	2:50	6:45
3:47	11:17	7:39	Stony Brook Glen	10:28	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:08	2:30	6:22
			Burns			
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:05	Hornellsville	10:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
f—flag station. A—arrives. l—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

R. J. MCLEREN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. JOS. T. ODELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

C. OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dp.	P.M.	P.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:00	Crowell	7:32	2:37	9:10
7:46	0	1:57	Carpenter	0	2:34	9:
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:47	9:35
7:37	6:45	1:50	New'd Junc	7:37	2:52	9:32
0	0	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:56	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:59	9:49
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:50	3:05	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:17	10:30
6:15	0	1:05	N. Couds'pt	0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp. Ar.	8:23	3:30	10:55
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar. Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:35
0	0	12:13	Hammond	0	8	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chens. Wks	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

●—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

H. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

The Return to Grace

By HENRY LINSLEY DOOLITTLE

Copyright, 1905 by Henry Linsley Doolittle

FOR the past year Kellogg has been kept busy refuting exaggerated stories of his mistaken identity To his friends therefore the first true account should be of deep interest In reviewing his last winter at the exposition he remembered having taken in a fair share of the fun On the Jackson Alps Creation Hall after the play Jewellers—he had seen them all good and indifferent Thus far he had proceeded on his loose change

And then he had come to the Naval Battle and to the end of his quarters Diving into his hip pocket his hand had brought forth not the expected wallet but a paper of chewing tobacco Too surprised for utterance he slunk tered back to the now disurted plaza to figure his assets in silence An emer

'I SHOT LO BILL AND WILLIAM AMES I OWED IT

gency was upon him I want to matter philosophically Tomorrow I was supposed to start back to New York anyway

New York good heavens his ticket had been stolen too The single fare was more than $20 to say nothing of a sleeper and meals en route His former luxury he might dispense with he slowly reasoned but thirty hours without food—pshaw what was he talking about His balance would not even buy him a ticket

He might have telegraphed his father for a loan, but the latter always suspicious of bunko games would doubtless cautiously await a letter of confirmation That meant at least a forty-eight hours delay, and he was due in New York but three days hence

A new thought illumined his groping senses—the cut rate ticket brokers They might supply the need within his means

Next morning suit case in hand he made a dicker for a through ticket via the Big Four, Chesapeake and Ohio route A dollar and eighteen cents remained

Safely aboard Kellogg heaved a sigh of relief He had felt almost like a criminal while showing his ticket at the gate Remember your name is Charles A Winter he had been the broker's parting instruction

The conductor seemed interminably long in passing through the car Near by every passenger was traveling on the return portion of a limited excursion ticket which in most instances he specified to see that the destination and transit limits were correct

Did you please

Kellogg caught a profane echo of the long ago

Charles A Winter eh Is that your name

Humph

Well I should think you would be ashamed to own it

What Kellogg sat up electrified Isn't my ticket good

Oh yes it's good enough to get you into Indianapolis all right assented the other I reckon they can give you a free bed for the night too as far as that's concerned

But I don't understand What have I done

For answer the conductor fished forth a copy of a New York yellow and began turning the leaves

Yes here it is all right enough he announced with satisfaction Charles A Winter wanted for bigamy Black hair and eyes very dark complexion five feet ten You're it all right Wife No 1 offers $500 reward for your return wife No 2 promises as much wife No 3

Kellogg scored the paper to be confronted by a quarter page picture of his affairs

And do you think I resemble that scoundrel he demanded Why, this account says I'm thirty-six

Looks are mighty deceiving," grinned the other and newspaper prints are never ally too good I've noticed these smooth fellers who can deceive a half dozen poor trustful women into believing they're the only one always look young and innocent"

But I tell you my name is Frank Kellogg" asserted the frightened passenger See here are the initials in my husband and on my cards As my wallet was stolen I had to return on a contraband ticket

That's what they all say"

Take me through to Cincinnati if you won't believe me I've friends there who can establish my identity

Huh I suppose you know I don't go in that direction and think you can work a smooth game on the next conductor No sir, Indianapolis is plenty good enough for such as you

Thenceforth Kellogg was guarded at every station It was a most ignominious experience for one who had never known the force of being a suspicious character At times he felt almost guilty of some awful crime and fall station him in the face for at least a night It was maddening This was what came of living upon his own resources

But had he exhausted every resource? Reluctantly he recalled a rumor that Miss Morton had recently moved west to Indianapolis His mind wandered back to that evening three years ago when she had all but literally thrown that engagement ring at his head She had declared that she would never speak to him again and she had a most foolish way of keeping her word It had been so foolish of her to fly at him for merely remonstrating with her over the attentions of another fellow No he concluded hotly to himself rather than that his name should have to stand on the Indianapolis police records

* * * * * * *

After a minute's study of the documents in evidence the captain turned his scrutiny to the prospective prisoner He was a kindly old man, far different from the officer of Kellogg's imagination

Now let's hear your side of the case' he said presently

The young man recounted his troubles from the finding of the substitution He glanced nothing over; he blamed no one but himself

"Personally I believe your story" the captain declared at the close of the narration officially I do not dare But since I cannot hold you on the charge of using another man's ticket no such alternative charge having been made you will be set at liberty if you can identify yourself to my satisfaction

This was greater clemency than the other had dared hope but greater only if he could bring himself to court the ridicule of his former fiancee As the officer's interest in the case seemed to warrant the confidence Kellogg told a clean breast of his affairs with Miss Morton "Did you ever hear of a woman humiliating herself to humble people

You should see your mother in law to be She is part of your punishment for she thinks I am perfect—I am glad of it Well good luck to her

She would be nice to identify and then what

She would cheerfully want you to spend the night behind the bars then so I think I can detect the liar if she knows you

An hour later they had reached the house to the growing distrust of the prisoner Miss Morton was at home and in good fortune alone

Keeping young Kellogg partly concealed behind him the captain lost no time in coming to the point

"Here is a young man whose identity is involved he began 'Perhaps you can help us out?" quickly producing his charge

"Why What if I don't know the man she corrected

He would be held pending proof from the east'

The situation was too good for instant spoiling What is the charge' she inferred further

He (here Kellogg felt an appealing little tug at his coat sleeve) He has been passing under the name of Charles A Winter who is badly wanted in three cities about New York city

The first time I knew anything about him he was a bachelor of the name of Frank Kellogg she commented and he came from that same city

Just so strong things you for the interest in becoming Then to the point for the captain ran the charge

I am quite sure I stood facing Miss Morton with my head bowed in shame My face was scarlet I felt all its warmth as I listened to the story of my humiliation

Miss Morton laughed a delicious low ripple that I fought for control as I heard it Then with much question she turned prettily matter-of-fact

Well you are free only one point I am puzzled about You do not look like a fugitive from justice

Why emphatically asserted that I was not given the chance, she added

He might have continued that it required the police department to drive him to it but instead he remarked

Now that I've returned to Grace Orent you going to invite me to sit down and stay a few minutes"

Heavens I wonder if he's looking for a fourth wife already" she meditated aloud, gathering up her trailing skirts as if to flee from the room

"Now, that's rubbing it in too hard,' grieved the other

Miss Morton considered "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do" she announced "First of all, we'll go out and sit on the porch where it's cool Then if in five minutes you can show me how in the name of creation you happened to land here under the arm of the law and can prove that you haven't been up to any more devilment with those other three wives while I'm out of the room you may stay to supper

Kellogg made a feint at attempt at writing but got out to the cool porch

Well I'll stumble now I can tell you nothing counts his total assets

You might go back to the station house and demand your Mormon ticket" suggested she curious to find what course he would pursue without an offer of assistance

No thank you I might run up against another amateur detective'

"Indianapolis is rather an expensive place to live in for any length of time on 52 cents was her provoking comment

I'll set out and walk to Cincinnati' savagely I've friends there—heavy account on friends

Yes indeed and I may think a man did make a big bid When do you start

As soon as I can find —

I suppose I ought to wait till remorse for my cruelty overtakes me in my auto and then hold with horrified sweetness

I'm sure the wind has shifted very fair to the west I can hear you there in my auto and then hold with horrified sweetness

I'm sure the wind has shifted very fair to the west I can hear you there in my auto and then hold with horrified sweetness

If you'll only start in time to get to Cincinnati before the banks close

Then you'll only accept provolent with me for coming, round tonight

Of course not put in shy It was all too delightful to see you—the worthy Mr Franklin Keith Kellogg—hauled in by a police captain—rocks ahead Why, one would have thought I had out a search warrant for breach of promise the way you were hauled here

You like to carry a joke a good way'

Yes that's why I decided to take you to Cincinnati was the ready rejoinder

Nothing was to be gained in that direction Do you know, those three years have seemed an awfully long time he began on a new tack

Dear me! Have you found them so with three wives for entertainment? I've never had such a dandy time in my life

Reaching out he seized her left hand and felt for any telltale rings

But you're not engaged he returned as she jerked away her hand

Well what if I'm not"

Oh nothing I was afraid you might be seeing it a leap year"

Why even now she admitted I was thinking to fear you had lost your old time brilliancy No I am not engaged—yet There it is of your supposing any engaged girl would be sitting here in the dark out running you Why it would be worth more than sticking your cousin I mean thy

Then he was my cousin" asked Kellogg slowly partially straightened hard at the front room of all he had said before not knowing

A first but for the Philippine I had lived there last year

You might have told me grieved

You did not ask me Charlie Besides I felt too hurt at your unjust judgment to care to defend myself

Won't you tell me now Grace"

As

It

And

Which I refuse to do

Miss Morton considered thoughtfully for a moment that it was the worst on the men though it left not pay out a expectation she added

But I don't see what in time of hurt was to do if the wives could not off

I say couldn't I own it with you" he suddenly asked

Let's see What could I do with it possibly as a keepsake

Why wear it I suppose hopefully You used to know how

She gave way to a perplexing little laugh

Diamonds are worth more than they were three years ago he urged

Do you mean to insinuate that because I am wiser I stand a smaller chance of getting wiring" she half sighed

You stand the greatest chance in the world if only you will forget that evening

DO YOU REMEMBER THAT EVENING ON THE SANDS

and I am so if this I can't it is well as much to say that I borrow on it she pretended

Now I'll tell you a lifelong true Can you remember the city on such a time Sands

I'm sure I'll be happy enough to fly right to the altar with her New York to pass under my mass vated he

You are sure you would never get mit if I jollied you about those other three wives

Never

She laughed mischievously

And you would never try to get even by asserting that I used my leap year prerogative to win you back" she catechised further

Never honor bright

There was a silence

Do you remember that evening—down on the Jersey sands—full moon just like tonight? Couldn't we begin over again from that time? he pleaded

The Jersey sands—don't she cried You will have me crying in a minute I'm so homesick for a glimpse of the ocean The middle states are—all well enough for those who are born and brought up here but I—oh take me back with you!" she cried raising her ring finger in token of surrender

What more they may have said was lost to the fragrant air while at home the police captain student of human nature sat pondering the romantic possibilities of a cut rate ticket

BANKS IN A FIRE CITY

THE PRESSING NEED OF MONEY IN STRICKEN COMMUNITY

Experience of a Chicago Financial House in 1871—Greed of Depositors and How It Showed Itself—An Unexpected Proposition

Whenever a great fire devastates a large city the first effort of those concerned with the work of restoration is to get the banks open so that the pressing needs of a homeless population may be cared for At such times business is done on a strictly cash basis and everything sells at a premium The same picture is an extraordinary demand for hand to hand money, since the merchant cares for the paper items only in so far as they represent cash and the rich man's check is valueless to him unless he can get cash for it

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The conspicuous example of this in modern times was the great Chicago fire of 1871 when all Chicago's banks closed their doors and I drove around to see what was left of the city great crowds besieged the banks Some men were offering others talked incoherently and everybody seemed half dazed An officer of one of Chicago's greatest banks who fought his way through the smoke, dodging embers to the white marble hall which surrounded his vault, gave the following description of what occurred

"Although the iron door of the vault had been somewhat expanded by heat, I found that the combination worked perfectly That reassured me, and after hunting about the debris I fished out one or two iron crowbars and by wedging them in finally opened the vault door The inclosure smelled smoky but I soon found that the cash was all right and so were our books That made me feel good and I got down to work in short order The first thing I did was to look at the balance sheet and see what our exact resources were A glance showed me that by collecting what was due from out of town creditors the bank could pay everything it owed and declare a 10 per cent dividend besides, even if it lost every dollar due from its Chicago clients That was all I wanted to know

On leaving the vault I saw four men waiting for me in what had been the cashier's office They were among our largest depositors and I knew well enough what they wanted They were of very different types—one a shrewd money lender who had $40,000 to his credit on our books another was a school treasurer in an outlying district who would have been ruined had we failed She to pay him $25,000 a third was an out of town banker with $100,000 to his institution and the fourth was a man of Chicago's wholesale trade who had always been a friend to me I knew that if I refused to pay them they would draw out their deposits and I should be helpless to meet the run that would follow

I thought it all over in a few minutes and then told them that I would pay them in full in two hours if they would wait that long They agreed to do so and I went back to the vault and began to count out the money I had determined to pay them in full and I knew how much I had to pay them Have you plenty of cash Yes I answered with a confidence I was far from feeling Then I'll wait right here and help you count it out

Well that I was glad to accept and I did so I and my friend and I began to pile up the bags of money on the counters Then he straightened himself and said in a low voice Have you any idea how much you have in your bank

I said Yes about $40,000

Will I will give you $70,000 if you will pay it to me right away

I won't do that said I Your names is all right but you will have to wait a week for it until we get in shape again

What he fairly gasped do you decline $30,000 That is a good deal of money in a city that has gone to destruction

I answered no that I would not and I told him in plain English what I thought of him I said I am not a knave enough to take your bills and give you an unfair advantage over the other depositors and I am not a coward enough to do it because I know as soon as you discover that you will come with me in a week you would send me to the state prison for the rest of my life

That was the last of him He took his money when the vault was out and left me I presently came out with a satchel and I saw how his hands trembled as I moved to know how he stood When I told him that his money was safe and that he would not be a cent the poorer by the transaction he was too overcome to say a word The out of town banker was also very much moved by what I did not do to with draw his money as soon as he knew it was safe I then went to the man who had been my friend in the days when I was poor and asked him how much he had to pay me

Not a cent I'll consider myself lucky if you don't ask me to pay you interest on what I've had

Can you realize the effect on such a man's mind

I'm sure I'll be happy enough to fly right to the altar with her New York to pass under my mass vated he

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Howie's Mutiny

By JED STRONG

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Howie glanced after Marcia with regret Here was a splendid cruise spoiled almost at the outset Just because he had ridiculed her inattentive lady she had stamped her foot angrily and had declared that she wanted to be set ashore at the first opportunity, and Marcia was always as good as her word

While he was still raging at the companionway down which her slender figure had vanished Mrs Lorraine came panting up the stairway

Mr Howie she said in short of breath I am daughter but still I am glad that she has been so ill insulted I must say that you put the right thing at once and found us at the nearest inn

Howie made the mistake of trying to argue I merely said that Rowland Montague was a stick, he began, and then Marcia grew angry and gave me back my ring and said she wanted to go home

I consider Mr Montague a most admirable actor announced the lady who cared nothing for Montague, but who dearly loved a battle It was not polite of you to attack the judgment of your guests Perhaps had it been a horse we should have had to abide your judgment, but of the finer arts you know nothing and I am glad that my daughter has discovered her error in time to avoid an alliance with a man of such poor taste Please put about at once'

Howie groaned Of old he knew Mrs Lorraine as an antagonist worthy of one's steel She would persist in upholding Marcia in her bad temper if they ever reached port with Marcia in this humor he could never hope to restore the engagement In spite of her temper or possibly because of it Howie loved Marcia and he was determined that if all hers is the right would not touch the heiress I'm Beach until she had begged for it

He was still watching the water when half an hour Mrs Lorraine gently fanned up the deck Just at of opening fire with him she went to the wheelhouse and

THE CREW HAD GATHERED AND STOOD SULLEN FACED

bitterly she bore down upon him the light of virtuous indignation in her eye

I perceive that we are still heading north sir she said as she approached I must insist that you turn about immediately

She was almost sorry that she would not have this cruel she young man for a son in law but for his skill he would have run when the sun set in the east it was plain to be seen that the compass card had been tampered with and there was an explosion that proved more diverting to the rest of the party than to Howie or their relatives

It ended in the yacht's nose being swung around and with a pocket compass Mrs Lorraine verified the course The rest was sorry that the trip was to be abandoned but full of the joy of victory Mrs Lorraine considered no one but herself

It was barely light the next morning when the sound of pistol shots were heard on the deck and the party rushed up the companionway Up forward the crew had gathered and stood sullen faced regarding the owner and his captain At the appearance of the party Howie left the sailing master and came toward them

It's all right,' he explained There was a mutiny and I am afraid that the men have possession of the boat They have promised not to interfere with our comfort and they will land us at one of the Bahama group with enough provisions to enable us to reach Nassau They will give us the launch'

For a moment Mrs Lorraine eyed the crew and seemed on the point of going forward to them but to their great relief she elected to have hysterics instead and caused a diversion that occupied the entire party until the still civil steward announced breakfast

The situation seemed more pleasant after breakfast Apart from the fact that every item in the crew could be counted on to desert the vessel at the first opportunity the matter was not serious Howie could have put the mutineers in irons and navigated the craft to port himself but this course was not politic

Mr Lorraine declared in rapid if lucky sailing time to put the party ashore at Palm Beach but the crew declined to approach within reach of the authorities and even the good lady's threat to have the southern squadron ordered in their pursuit the moment they reached a cable station did not move them

They were stubborn but polite and finally even she gave up the endeavor and contented herself with sighing loudly from the depths of a deck chair as she watched Howie pace the deck

Howie had his hand in a bandage explaining that he had barely been scratched by a bullet in the fight and Marcia followed him about the deck with her sympathetic glance though it was not until evening that she broke the conversational ice

The full moon was just rising out of the sea as she came toward the spot where he was leaning against the rail Does your hand hurt very much' she asked, trying to make her voice sound cold and polite

Not very much was the indifferent answer That is the least of my troubles

It is very awkward, she conceded "to have your boat seized

I don't care about the boat he disclaimed They are welcome to the Irene for all I care She would only serve to remind me of you and I must put you out of my heart if I can"

Do you care so much' she asked wonderingly You did not seem to mind yesterday"

I had some hope yesterday he declared. 'I realize now that there is none"

"Faint heart never won fair lady" she quoted He grasped her hand

Do you mean that Marcia" he demanded

Perhaps Montague is a little stilted' she conceded It is a very silly thing to quarrel over anyway

And you are willing to make up?

For answer she slipped her hand within his bandaged member The ring finger shone white and bare in the moonlight She slipped the ring upon it

I was a very silly girl I red' she said penitently I do not deserve forgiveness'

We never get our just deserts' he laughed and besides I should not have poked fun at Montague

Mrs Lorraine came up the companionway just in time to see two heads close together Marcia saw her first

It's all right, mother she laughed "It was all a mistake

With a sickening sense of defeat the elder woman turned and went back to the cabin With her hand still in his, Howie went forward to the wheelhouse It's all right he said quietly Head back for the course

The man at the wheel touched his cap respectfully and swung the wheel, Marcia started

'And you have been in command all the time?' she demanded.

Not exactly he declared

But the mutiny she persisted

Made to order he admitted When your mother espoused your cause I could see that nothing less than a mutiny would clear the air You said yourself 'Faint heart never won fair lady'"

Poor mother sighed Marcia 'I don't think you will make an ideal son in law"

But a good husband he insisted, 'and the head of the house"

"Poor mother said Marcia again

Spiders in History

Spiders have played a greater part in history than most people are aware of Everybody knows the persevirance of a spider encouraged Robert Bruce to regain his kingdom of Scotland but not so many know that according to Jewish tradition a spider saved David's life Saul was hunting for him and his soldiers approached a cave where David was hidden Shortly before however a spider had spun her web at the mouth of the cave and the soldiers, thinking it for granted that it had hidden refuge in the cave he must have broken the web departed forthwith the web might have been spun after as well as before his entrance

Frederick William was king of Prussia and an attempt was made to poison him with a cup of chocolate By chance a spider fell into the cup and for this reason the monarch gave the chocolate to a dog, who immediately died Inquiry was made, with the result that the cook was hanged and a large spider wrought in gold now decorates one of the chief rooms of the Winter palace at Potsdam in memory of the king's escape

Well Recommended,

The buxom maid had been hinting that she did not think much of working out, and this in conjunction with the nightly appearance of a rather sheepish young man caused her mistress much speculation

Martha is it possible that you are thinking of getting married?"

Yes'm admitted Martha blushing Not that young fellow who has been calling on you lately?

Yes'm he's the one'

"But you have known him only a few days"

Three weeks come Thursday" corrected Martha

Do you think that is long enough to know a man before taking such an important step

"Well," answered Martha with spirit, "'taint 's if he was some new feller He's well recommended A perfectly lovely girl I know was engaged to him for a long time'—Everybody's Magazine

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Culver's Joke

By Susa Clemonts Willis

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"I don't know any girls; simple reason," laughed Blake Narbel. "You see, the pater grew to be a woman hater after mother's death. We have retreated before civilization ever since."

"I'll give you a couple of mail introductions back east," laughed Culver. "I know a lot. You write a nice little letter, and I'll send it."

"I guess you'd have to write the letter, too," chuckled Narbel. "I never wrote to a woman in my life."

"You never can tell till you try," suggested Culver. "I wish you'd try now. It would keep you busy until I finish this letter."

He went on with his writing, and Narbel good humoredly picked up a pen. There was a pack train going down from the mines tomorrow, and he could understand why Culver wanted to finish off the letters he was writing back east. The train went down one week and back the next, affording them bimonthly communication with the outside world.

"Whom shall I address it to?" he demanded.

"Miss Lucy Mears," laughed Culver. Then two pens scratched over the paper, Culver's with easy, rapid movement, Narbel's painstakingly. He was less accustomed to writing, and Culver had finished half a dozen letters before the other's pen was still.

Culver laughed over the effusion, in which the writer had pictured his dull life and had pleaded for permission to open a correspondence. He explained fully his relations with Culver as business partner and claim and hinted at possibilities of matrimony.

Had he been in earnest instead of merely seeking a means of killing time while Culver was occupied he could not have done better.

In the morning Culver came across the sheets and, with a wicked chuckle, slipped them into an envelope and addressed them to Lucy Mears, anticipating that elderly lady's surprise when she should open the envelope back in the New England town.

Narbel, clearing up the table that evening, noted the absence of the sheets, but concluded that Culver had torn them up along with his own odd sheets and thought no more of the matter until a month later a letter came.

ON THE STEP STOOD NARBEL AND THE GIRL OF THE PICTURE.

which clearly was not from the San Francisco firms with which he had business dealings.

Culver laughed so heartily when he had read him the first few paragraphs that he had become silent, and he would read no more, devouring the contents, while Culver chuckled over the girlish letter the elderly spinster had indited. It was more like the letter of a schoolgirl than of a woman of forty.

It was a girlish letter, if not schoolgirlish, full of excuses and explanations that the writer had been tempted to answer because of the sincerity of the communication and Culver's recommendations. Culver reflected that it had been a capital letter and wondered how long he should let it run on before he should disillusionize Narbel with a prose portrait of Miss Lucy as he remembered her.

Before he decided to stop the fun a photograph arrived, a picture of a young girl with frank, honest eyes and a face that won even Culver's admiration, though he shouted in his glee as he recalled Miss Lucy, with her prim ways and angular features.

He had intended to give the hoax away, but this was too good to be abandoned, and he listened with a smile to Narbel's rhapsodies, until one night Blake shocked him with the announcement that Miss Mears had consented to marry him and that he was going east to get her.

As gently as he could Culver explained the deception and sought to dissuade his friend, but Narbel would have none of it. "It may be as you say," he agreed coldly. "But my word is passed and I am going east to keep it."

"But she's forty if she's a day," pleaded Culver. "Surely, Blake, you don't want to marry a woman seven years older than yourself."

"I shan't have my woman saying that I broke faith," he said soberly. "The train from the mines is going down tomorrow. I shall go with it."

He was as good as his word. When the train rolled back across the sandy wastes the foreman declared that he had seen Narbel board the westbound limited, and Culver gave up his time to fixing up the houses.

There was little to do in the orchard. The plants would not bear before the following year, by which time there would be a spur of track to the mines, and they could ship the fruit. Meanwhile all he had to do was to see that the trees were irrigated and that no stray cattle got in. It was easy enough, with the help of the men, to set up a shack for himself and leave the old house for Narbel and his bride.

He even had time to ride over and tell the men at the mine of the joke, and when at last word came over their wire that the pair was due to come out with the train they all gathered at the ranch to welcome the new Mrs. Narbel.

They rode out to meet the dust cloud which marked the track of the long line of wagons across the alkali, but the figure in the buggy beside Narbel was so swathed in duster and veils that no hint of her appearance could be gained, and the men, with many a nudge and smile, fell in behind and rode along.

They all turned in at the ranch gate, but Narbel swung his wife out of the buggy and took her into the house. "Mrs. Narbel will be glad to meet you when she has had a chance to tidy up," he said, with a grave face, "but she wants the dust off first."

Culver took the horse to the stables and then rejoined the waiting group on the grass plot in front of the house. (Culver knew now why Narbel had insisted upon a grass plot.) They had not long to wait, for presently a gasp from the crowd caused Culver to turn, and there on the step stood Narbel and the very girl of the picture. She was smiling now, as she acknowledged the various introductions. Culver was the last to come up, for he had not recovered from his amazement until Narbel called to him.

"I feel that I ought to be very grateful to you," she said in a low voice, "even though you were trying to play a joke."

"The joke seems to be on me," he said lamely.

"I don't think there is any joke," she said decidedly. "It was just the working of fate."

He turned to receive the farewells of the men from the mine, and more than one joked him on his vivid imagination. It was clear that they thought he had been fooling them, and he was glad that he was at least saved their jeers, but it was with no pleasant anticipation that he followed Narbel and his wife into the house.

"You imitated better than you knew, Jack, when you sent that letter I wrote in jest."

"But this is not Lucy Mears," he stammered. "I thought you were going to keep faith at any cost."

"Aunt Lucy died a year ago," quilled Mrs. Narbel. "I suppose no one wrote you. As I was the only Lucy Mears I got the letter."

"And I got the sweetest little woman on earth," supplemented Narbel.

"And I," wound up Culver, "I don't know whether I should be praised or kicked. I think I'd prefer the latter."

But instead he received the praise.

A Typical Hungarian Village.

Imagine a very broad unpaved road, like a dusty plowed field, and wild gardens trailing around and over white thatched cottages. Each cottage is one storied, with old world eaves and a veranda which runs along the whole front. The thatched roof seems to begin with all its strength upon a toy shaped colonnade, while the creepers afford a contrast to the whitewashed walls. If you walk down the road at dusk you will find at each door one of the house-hold vigorously brushing clouds of dust away from the footpath, while thin files of clean, curly pigs are trotting swiftly homeward and lean mongrels "bay the whispering wind" unceasingly. The men wear linen shirts and kilts. On workdays the costume has the appearance of a long, dingy nightdress tied with a leather girdle. On holidays the kilt is white and stiff, with accordion plaiting, while the shirt is of dainty embroidery and sets off an elaborate worsted waistcoat. The girls' full dress is still more picturesque, owing to the harmonious blending of the brightest prints—all shades and depths of blue and red and pink; no other colors—and to the graceful fall of the short petticoats, which do not reach the ankle, and are inflated by a slight suspicion of crinoline.—Saturday Review.

Cause of Warm and Cold Periods.

Experiments of the Swedish physicist Arrhenius, supplementing the investigations of Professor Langley, indicate that in order to explain the origin of the warm climate which prevailed over the earth in the tertiary age, when even the polar regions seem to have abounded with life, and of the intense cold that caused the glacial periods, when half the northern hemisphere was buried under ice, it is only necessary to look to slight changes in the composition of the atmosphere. The active agent in these changes is thought to have been carbon dioxid. It has been shown that this gas possesses so great a power to retain solar heat that its addition to the extent of only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the present atmosphere would suffice to produce a tertiary climate and that taking away only one-fiftieth of 1 per cent from the present atmosphere would bring on glaciation. It has been conjectured that the fall of meteors was the source of the extra supply of carbon dioxid in former geological periods.

Divided.

Helen, a little girl of four years, came to her mother with a look of pain on her face and said, "Mamma, I have two bad headaches."

"Two headaches?" said her mother. "How can that be?"

"Well, I have one above each eye."—Judge.

WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

According to the Rampo Legend, the Timepiece Still Ticks.

New York state is rich in fairy lore. Washington Irving was fond of the little people, and he found that they abounded among the mountains and in the forests everywhere in the old Empire State. Within thirty-five miles of New York city, among the Ramapo hills, there are scores of places where, according to tradition, elves, sprites, fairies, brownies and all the uncouth tribe of squalid beings whose common language is poetry and whose home is in the woodlands can be found if looked for in the proper spirit.

Aside from the fairies there are interesting traditions connected with men and women of historical renown. At Ramapo, close to the boundary line of New Jersey, on a mighty pinnacle of the Torne mountain, there is a place called "Washington's watch pocket." It is a crevice in the rock that looks as if some giant had seized the rock and torn it apart as one might separate a slice of bread. If you put your ear close to this crevice and listen intently you can hear, far below, the sound of a watch ticking.

The story is that George Washington stood at that spot one day alone looking through a telescope to see whether the British were approaching. His staff was some distance away, for to climb to that ledge of the mountain required—and still requires—considerable labor. Washington was a tall, powerful man, as all the world knows, and he thought nothing of the climb, but the officers of his staff were a little more jealous of their exertion, and they were willing enough to obey their chief when he told them that they need not go with him.

As Washington stood, statue-like, peering through the telescope he thought he could discern a line of red among the trees a great many miles up the Ramapo pass.

"The redcoats—the British!" he may have murmured as he closed his telescope. It was now that the incident occurred that gave the name of "Washington's watch pocket" to this opening in the rock. Unmindful of the telescope, which was not one of the convenient field glasses that are in use today, with a strap around it to prevent its falling, Washington slipped his watch from his fob to calculate what time it would probably be when the enemy reached that spot. The watch slipped out of his hand, seals and all, and fell into the crevice far out of sight.

It is strange that the watch, should continue to go without being wound, but it is averred that it is certainly ticking to this day. The understanding is that the patriotic hope of the mountain was that because it belonged to the Father of His Country, and that they will so stand to the end of time. The sentiment of the legend is that there is the Torne mountain and there is the crevice, and every one knows that Washington's watch really is there.

A Papal Bull.

A papal bull is punished by the pope. It may be an edict, a decree or a rescript which contains an order or a decision to be publicly declared. It usually indicates that the word "bull" is not in the document itself. It bears a privy to the seal, without which the paper would not be recognized. This seal is rarely of gold or of wax. It was originally of lead and is still commonly of that material. Lead was first used for seals in the time of the ancient Romans and is still used for that purpose in Italy. The Italian name of this bit of lead is "bolla." It was in Latin "bulla." Both the material and the form have dropped out of sight. The Roman bulla was a circular disk or a case like a watch or a circular locket. It was worn by boys of noble families attached to a chain which was wound several times round the neck and which fell in front so that the bulla rested on the breast. This object was frequently a little case containing some charm against sickness and the "evil eye," which was dreaded even more than disease. At a later time the bulla was worn by the sons of freedmen at Rome. Its use was a mark of rank and nobility.

New Names For Old Troubles.

What a fine thing it would have been for the human race had physicians never discovered anything about the nervous system or invented such terms as "nervous prostration" and "nervous dyspepsia." It makes one green with envy to think of those former times when people knew little or nothing about anatomy and when they called things by their right names. When they were ill tempered or jealous or melancholy they said they were instead of putting everything on the poor nerves as we do now. When physicians are called in and find themselves at a loss to know just what is the matter with the patient and even the very cleverest of them sometimes do find themselves in that humiliating position they can always fall back upon the "nerves," with the certainty that the patient will quite agree with them and also that he will immediately justify the diagnosis by having a nervous attack of some sort.—Charleston News and Courier.

Our First Savings Bank.

The first savings bank established in the United States was in Philadelphia, which opened Dec. 2, 1816. It is said that the first deposit made in this bank was the sum of 3 shillings, handed over the counter by a boy. The bank was entitled, "The Savings Fund Society of Philadelphia." The first bank of this kind established in New York was chartered Nov. 25, 1816, and went into business July 3, 1819.

LINCOLN'S WIT.

That and Ridicule Were His Weapons of Offense and Defense.

Wit and ridicule were Lincoln's weapons of offense and defense, and he probably brought more jury cases out of court than any other man who practiced at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this the moment he rose to cross examine. 'Why J. Parker Green? What did the J. stand for? John? Well, why didn't the witness call himself John P. Green? That was his name, wasn't it? Well, what was the reason he did not wish to be known by his right name? Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal, and, if not, why did J. Parker Green put his name in that way?' And so on. Of course the whole examination was farcical." Mr. Stevenson said, "but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and inflections of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he rang the changes upon the man's name, and at the recess the very boys in the street took it up as a slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green!' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course; but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

THE GNU IS A PUZZLE.

It Seems to Be a Cross Between the Horse, Cow and Deer.

Did you ever hear of a horned horse? It is called the gnu and is a native of South Africa. The gnu is a puzzle. We have called it a horse, but it is more like a cow. It really seems to be a cross between the horse, the cow and the deer. It has the head and horns of a cow, the tail, the mane and withers of the horse and the legs of a deer. Altogether the gnu is one of the most singular creatures on earth.

The gnu inhabits the hilly districts of South Africa, roaming all over the country in vast herds. As far as travelers have yet penetrated it is found, and it is fortunate that it is so, for the flesh of the gnu forms excellent food. They are, however, extremely wild and, being very quick in their movements, are difficult to shoot. Upon the first alarm the whole herd scampers away in single file, following a leader. When seen from a distance they look like a troop of horses.

Their speed is very great, and they first disturbed they do not exert it, but kick out their heels and begin hurling at anything that comes in their way, exhibiting the greatest fury. Unless hard pressed they seldom show fight, but when brought to bay they will defend themselves desperately. They dart forward upon their enemy with great fury, and unless he remains cool and collected he probably will not escape.

A Ghost Story.

Under the date of March 6, 1800, the Annual Register tells how a butcher of Stretford, in Lancashire, had disappeared during a then recent flood and how rumors spread that an apparition had been seen over a certain local pool of water, some gave it the form of an imposing fog, others that of an equally mysterious man who uttered blood curdling yells, and it was told that, even when nothing was seen, cattle refused to drink at the pond, and horses trembled as they passed it. At last a town meeting decided to drain the pool dry. It was done, and there, sure enough, was the butcher.—London Chronicle.

Made a Sale.

The sad faced man, with the small, square valise, inspected the woman of the house a moment and then turned away from the kitchen door.

"It ain't no use arskin' you if you've got any corns that need curin', mum," he said. "I can see as you're wearin' shoes three sizes too large."

"Come in," replied the matron.

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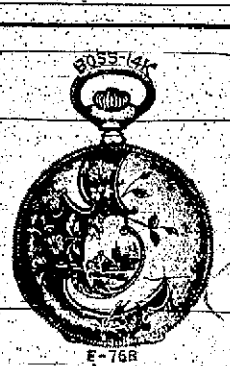

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